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THE DAWN IN THE EAST:

ADDRESSES

BY THE REV. P. RAJAHGOPAUL,

AND

THE REV. A. VENKATARAMIAH,

NATIVE FREE CHURCH MISSIONARIES AT MADRAS.

TOGETHER WITH

LETTERS RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM THAT MISSION FIELD,

AND A REVIEW OF THE EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

WITH A PREFACE.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Madras Branch of the India Mission of the Free Church of Scotland was founded by the Rev. John Anderson. He opened an institution in Black Town on the 3d April 1837, offering a liberal Christian education in *English* to all Hindu and Mahomedan youths who might wish to avail themselves of its advantages. There were *fifty-nine* pupils to begin with; and no other qualification was required of them than to pay half a rupee a-month in advance, and to purchase their own books. The introduction of two *Pariah* lads, in 1838, led to a struggle, which terminated in a *hundred* of the high caste youths going off in disgust, because the Pariahs were not excluded, and their caste prejudices respected. The Rev. Robert Johnston joined the Mission, 24th February 1839, and the Rev. John Braidwood, 15th January 1841. Four years of faith, exertion, and prayer, began to yield fruit, under the blessing of the God of Truth, whose Word, faithfully taught and preached, never returns unto Him void. In that memorable

year, 1841, the Spirit of God moved on many an awakened conscience, and Bible-illumined mind ; and three young Hindus received strength to apply for baptism, and openly to confess their faith in the Lord Jesus. This created a panic in the Native community, and in two days nearly *four hundred youths* were scattered from the institution ; some of them being carried, by relatives, hundreds of miles west and north.

The three Hindu youths, baptized in 1841, were licensed as preachers in 1846, and ordained as Missionaries in 1851—the *Rev. P. Rajahgopaul*, and his two brethren, the *Rev. A. Ventataramiah* and the *Rev. S. Ettirajooloo*. The following pages present the views and convictions of the two former on the grand subject of the Christianization of India, and must be deeply interesting to all who wish to hear the sons of India speak for themselves. The letter of the *Rev. S. Ettirajooloo* describes his work at Nellore ; and is followed by a letter from *Abdool Khader*, the first living Mahomedan convert of the Mission, and with another letter from *R. M. Bauboo*, both recently baptized, and desirous to be trained for the Christian ministry. The whole is concluded with a brief narrative of the stirring events of the past year, drawn up by the Missionaries on the spot.

It is believed that the publication, at this time, of these communications from the East, will stimulate the people of God to faith, prayer, and increas-

ing efforts for India's conversion to Christ, and draw towards the Madras Mission of the Free Church an enlarged measure of that Christian sympathy with which it has been so much enriched and encouraged of late years.

When the census of the population in the Madras Presidency was taken, in 1851, the inhabitants directly under the British Government were estimated at 22,301,697; of whom 1 in 14 was a Mahomedan, the rest being Hindus of different languages and castes. In the allied states,—viz., the Nizam's territories, Nagpore, Travancore, &c., there were believed to be $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions more, making the whole population in the Madras Presidency about 37,000,000,—that is, *ten millions* more than the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland. All that multitude of souls is now accessible to the light and blessed influences of Christianity.*

According to the most accurate statistics, the number of ordained Missionaries in the Madras Presidency, now in the field, connected with *fourteen* Protestant Mission bodies, does not exceed 180, supposing 20 ordained native Missionaries to be included in that number. These labourers occupy about 120 stations. Were these men and stations equally dis-

* The late Rajah of Nagpore having died without an heir, his dominions, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of subjects, will probably be annexed to our Indian Empire.

tributed throughout the Presidency, there would be 300,000 souls to each station, and more than 200,000 to each Missionary. But the distribution is altogether unequal, so that you will find *half-a-million* of souls to one Missionary even in the strictly British territories, while vast districts, larger than a dozen counties, have no means of grace at all.

What is to be done for this great multitude of souls? Are Christians supinely to live on, and allow them to die untaught, without an effort?

Without including inferior dialects, and the *Hindustani*, spoken by the Mahomedans, there are, in the Madras Presidency, *five* leading Hindu languages, having each a distinct alphabet and literature of its own,—viz., the *Tamil*, *Telugu*, *Malayalim*, *Canarese*, and *Marathi*.

In the sight of so much work to do, and so great difficulties to overcome, who that has the mind of Christ will not bestir himself to faith, and prayer, and effort? Now is our day to work for Christ and for souls; now is our opportunity. Faith, taking hold of Immanuel, strengthens by every exercise, and triumphs by patient endurance.

The Madras Free Church Mission is now affording a Christian education, in *English* and the vernacular tongues spoken at Madras (*Tamil*, *Telugu*, and *Hindustani*), to upwards of 2,400 pupils. In January of last year the pupils were 2,600; the diminution is

owing to *fifteen* baptisms,—eleven males and four females during the year. Every baptism from among caste families still causes a scattering, more or less extensive, according to the standing and influence of the person in the community. Between *six* and *seven hundred* of the pupils are females, mostly of caste families, under the same superintendence and instruction as the males, though in separate rooms from them. The conversions from among the females amount to *twenty* or more. The stations are *five*:—MADRAS, the centre; TRIPLICANE, the great Mahomedan suburb, a mile and a-half off; CHINGLEPUT, a Zillah town, 35 miles S.W.; CONJEVERAM, a great city of Brahmans and idol temples, 45 miles N.W.; and NELLORE, a Zillah town in the Telugu country, above 100 miles due north.

A body of able preachers is now being raised up, with a number of skilful Christian teachers; and a band of native students are now preparing for the Christian ministry. These men have been all drawn out of Hindu idolatry, one of them out of Mahomedan delusion. An idea of their Christian character, training, and attainments, may be formed from the subsequent pages.

The Native congregation, young and old, numbers between *seventy* and *eighty*.

Eight or *nine thousand* young men, educated by the Mission in the English Bible, and in other

branches of useful knowledge, are now in the midst of the Native community; and, though unbaptized, are doubtless exercising a beneficial influence among their families, and preparing the way for the overthrow of caste and idolatry.

The Madras Free Church Missionaries have been enabled steadfastly to pursue the grand original object of their commission—that of raising up a band of NATIVE TEACHERS and PREACHERS of the Gospel, to spread throughout the benighted masses the blessings of a free salvation. In all their schools the Brahman and the Pariah sit side by side on the same bench. Christianity has been introduced into circles where it never before had access; and we venture to assert that, could we command a sufficient number of labourers and adequate support for them, we might plant all the towns and villages of the Madras Presidency with Bible Schools. Yet the Bible has had to fight every inch of its way; misconceptions of all kinds still abound; and a tremulous lack of enlightened principle still brands it as a proscribed book in the one (only one) seminary established and supported by *Government* in the Madras Presidency.

JOHN BRAIDWOOD.

EDINBURGH, 13 SALISBURY PLACE,
22d March 1854.

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I.

THE PAST HISTORY, PRESENT ASPECT, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF INDIA'S MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. P. RAJAHGOPAUL,
OF THE MADRAS FREE CHURCH MISSION.

"For who hath despised the day of small things?"—ZECH. iv. 10.

THESE words usher us into a remarkable scene of the marvellous doings of the Lord. Immediately after the accession of Cyrus to the Babylonian kingdom, he issued a generous edict which set the exiles in the land free. The two tribes of Benjamin and Judah, fired with holy zeal and patriotism, availed themselves of this edict, returned to their native land, and, along with their leader Zerubbabel, set themselves to repair the wastes of their national city, and to the rebuilding of the temple. In this noble undertaking they were beset with obstacles most staggering to their faith, and overwhelming to the strongest among them. The neighbouring nations, Samaritans and others, looking upon them with an evil eye, made every effort to thwart, to obstruct, and utterly extinguish their small beginnings. In addition to the hostilities and fears without, the Jews themselves

seemed to be filled with the most discouraging and disheartening views of the work itself. At the solemn imposing ceremony, when their leader Zerubabel laid the foundation-stone of the temple,—an event in itself so well fitted to awaken in the bosom of every devout Jew feelings of adoring gratitude and thankfulness,—we are told by Ezra that “the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, wept with a loud voice.” Their poverty and meanness, coupled with the hostility of the neighbouring nations, created in them such fears and such faintings within, that they felt as if the work would never go forward; and if completed in their hands, that it would never equal the former house in its magnificence and glory. It was at this juncture, when the hearts of God’s own people were well-nigh broken, and their hands, through the feebleness of despondency, were ready to give up the undertaking, that the prophet was sent to challenge, and to warn, in the language of our text, “Who hath despised,” or who dare venture to despise, “the day of small things?”

The strong rebuke couched in the words of our text, shows how sinful it was in these ancient men to be so faint-hearted in the work of the Lord. There was something peculiarly sinful in their state of mind. It implied a culpable unbelief of the promises and of the might of God. Had they remembered that their fathers had provoked the Lord by their repeated acts of ingratitude and abominable idolatries; or had they fixed their eye upon the simple fact of their deliver-

ance from their 70 years of sore bondage in Babylon, or that they in building the temple were acting under the direct command of God; they would have at once felt that every stone they laid upon the walls of the sacred edifice was a guarantee and a pledge that God had now visited his people, and that he would make a glorious exhibition of his omnipotence and grace. There was another set of encouragements afforded them at different periods of their perplexities, which do not seem to have weighed with due force and solemnity, but which heighten in our estimation the sin of despising the day of small things. When the Samaritans, through subtle and malicious efforts, got a new decree from the reigning king to counteract the one under which Zerubbabel and his people were acting, and when this threatened to stop the progress of their work, the prophet Zechariah was sent to them to announce, that great and formidable as the obstacles seemed to be, the great mountain would become a plain, and that within the lifetime of their leader, the head-stone of the building would be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it," and that the whole work would be completed "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord of hosts." Haggai, too, had told them that, humble as the rising fabric seemed in their estimation to be, in comparison with the temple of Solomon, the glory of the Lord would fill this house; that is, that Jehovah himself was to dwell in their midst in the person of the incarnate Saviour, to display among them his wondrous love, by going about doing good,

and fulfilling the will of his Father by the vicarious sacrifice of himself. And when we add to this, that Jerusalem was to be the scene of the dispensation of the Spirit, who was to enrich the apostles with gifts and graces to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to all nations, what a halo of glory was this to cast around the new temple! Could any thing be more glorious than this? For what was all the glory of the former temple, with all its altars, with the types and shadows of its ancient ritual, compared with the new temple and its realities? The former was the habitation of the symbols of the Divine presence; in the latter, Jehovah himself was to appear in the overflowings of his grace. Not far from its sacred precincts the immaculate blood of the Divine Lamb was to be poured forth as an oblation. It was here that He who was God and man was to offer himself as an expiatory sacrifice, thus to "finish transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness." And lastly, both Jew and Gentile were to partake in common of the salvation purchased through Christ, and were to be gathered together into the city of God. This was to be the consummation of the great and good work, whose small beginnings, in its slow and early stage, they now despised, and concerning which the prophet warned them, when he asked, "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

The temple at Jerusalem was emblematic of that spiritual house or temple, reared up in the souls of God's people in all lands and in all ages, or the build-

ing up together of Jew and Gentile into one holy temple unto the Lord. This spiritual temple rises from age to age slowly and tardily. The agencies employed to rear it up are the feeble instrumentalities of men, of like tempers and infirmities with ourselves. This great and spiritual work is beset with obstacles too formidable for flesh and blood to contend with. Sometimes it is subjected to the gibbets, fires, and swords of relentless persecution. Principalities and powers have been set in array against it; and it has seemed at times as if the day of small things was to end in a night of darkness. Are we therefore to despond or to despise the day of small things? In order to expose the sin and folly of such a course, we have only to point to the past history of the Church, to show out of what small beginnings Apostolic Christianity took its rise, and how, in spite of the opposition of heathen governments, of mighty emperors and princes,—in spite of fierce persecutions,—in the face of formidable idolatries and vices established by law and custom, it triumphed at the end, and, pushing Paganism from its throne, became the religion of the State. In Germany, too, we see how within the lifetime of a single man, Luther, a miner's son, the principles of the Reformation were propagated far and wide; and instead of being confined to a single monastery, or the bosom of a single monk, they triumphed over princes and popes, till the Gospel of the Word of God became the religion of Germany and the world. Coming down to the era of modern Missions, do we not see in certain regions

what great results have flowed from apparently small beginnings,—the same omnipotent power accompanying the Gospel? At the bidding of a single missionary, Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, whom God used and blessed as his instrument, whole islands in the South Seas surrendered their dumb idols, and laid down at the foot of the cross the weapons of blood and murder. They who were once cannibals are now clothed and in their right mind, cultivating the peaceful arts of civilised life, enjoying a preached Gospel, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

We now turn to India. How prospers the work of Missions here? It is yet the day of small things, but is there nothing to correct that unholy feeling so prevalent amongst us which leads us to undervalue and despise what the Lord has already wrought?

It is admitted by all, even by the most sanguine and hopeful, that it is yet the day of small things, as regards the mission work in India, when compared with the work to be done. Three centuries have now passed away since Xavier, the apostle of the Jesuits, followed by many others equally enthusiastic with himself, attempted to Christianise the country. Though they brought many thousands to bow before the wooden cross, and to submit to baptism, some of them returned to their own lands in despair of the conversion of India. The secret of their failure and weakness is doubtless to be traced to the fact that instead of using the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit, as the grand instrument for the regeneration

of the country, they looked to the *opus operatum*,—to the empty ceremonies and inventions of Popery. But a better day dawned over India. In the year 1706 appeared Ziegenbalg, the prince of Protestant Missionaries. He, Swartz, and Rhenius, imbued with the spirit and principles of the apostles and reformers, and animated by the same zeal and love, held up the Word of God, and so preached its great doctrines, that not a few were added to the church, and the foundations were laid of a greater work hereafter. Little more than fifty years ago, appeared the three veteran soldiers of Christ,—Carey, Ward, and Marshman, of Serampore,—still held in such deserved veneration by all the friends of Missions. During the last twenty-five years, England, Scotland, and America, have vied with each other in sending forth messengers of peace, among whom not a few are perhaps equal to any set of Missionaries—that have ever appeared in the world, in gifts, acquirements, piety, self-sacrificing devotedness, zeal and love in the cause of the Saviour. Though these devoted men have laboured in preaching the Gospel, in putting the Word of Life into the hands of the people in their own tongues; though they have prayed, agonised, endured, and died in the work; yet what is the state of things to this day? There is not a single community of Native Christians in any part of India entirely self-supporting, not a single Native church which stands upon its own proper foundation, with the resources of self-support, the appliances of self-government and of Native ordained Missionaries, and with a sufficient degree of

Missionary spirit and zeal to spread the savour of the knowledge of Christ round about them.

How fearfully lacking are all the Native churches in India in that aggressive principle, whose property it is, not simply to act on the defensive, but to go forth making a thousand inroads upon the surrounding heathenism, rousing the heathen to enmity, from their apathetic and death-like slumbers! Not only do these churches require to be propped up by European aid, but in some instances where large numbers have been brought over to nominal Christianity, and where conversion-work is rare and slight, heathenism and Popery, like the darkness that followed the camp of Israel, hang around their rear and send forth their plagues among them. Leaving out individual cases of converts possessed of real Christian influence and power, no Native Christian community has as yet made itself felt on the masses of heathenism around, either by the status, learning, faith, or burning Christianity of its members.

As to the kind of Hindu conversions, we have no sympathy with those, who, in a wholesale sweeping way, depreciate all that is Native; as if colour, climate, or soil could materially affect the real character of any true conversion. On the contrary, we hold that in spite of every diversity of that sort, every human soul is of equal value in the sight of God, who measures out his grace as he pleases to all who believe on his Son, because all are partakers of depravity in common. We believe that the Holy

Spirit, whose prerogative it is to quicken dead souls, to impress the Divine image upon them, and to give birth to God-like qualities, though with diversity of gift and grace, works mightily in all. Wherever a soul is born of God through the Spirit's operation, it must possess the broad, distinguishing features of its origin. Spiritually born souls, whatever may be the diversities of national character and race, must all bear the same fruits of the Spirit,—of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. We are ready to admit, however, that with a few bright exceptions, Native Christianity in India has not yet risen so high, as under the same appliances it has done in many regions of the west. It has not yet thoroughly penetrated any Native community, and produced on a large scale those high and holy principles of action which have given it the ascendancy in other lands. We look in vain for that rectitude, purity, and zeal, heavenly-mindedness, self-denial, and liberality, which we find it producing elsewhere. Though Christianity has been in India nearly three centuries,—though all imaginable agencies and appliances have been brought to bear upon the country,—though some of the finest specimens of Missionary character have existed amongst us, where can we point to any among our Native ministers like Henry Martyn, Pearce, Johnston, Macdonald, or John Smith; or among the laity, to men like the large-hearted Casamaijor of Madras, to a Wylie of Calcutta, or to a Smyttan of Bombay? Or where can we find women like Hannah More,

Mrs Wilson, Mrs Winslow, and Mrs Gordon? Such considerations as these shut us up to the conclusion that it is yet the day of small things with all the Native churches in India. When we look to the existing agencies, to the vast field yet unoccupied, to the insuperable difficulties that beset the Missionary's path, difficulties which palpably show that we are yet in the infancy of things, unless we have strong faith in the power and promises of God, we too would be tempted to despise the day of small things, and to think very slightly indeed of what God has wrought in our midst.

There was a time when the Missionary cause in India was branded with infamy and ridicule, when infidel men of the world laboured hard "to fix upon it a character of abasement, folly, and lunacy," when they contemptuously wrote of men engaged in it as "the madness of men who could dream of converting Indian pagans by means of Bibles, preachers, schools, and paltry tracts! Well, let them (since the hand of power will not interfere to suppress the thing at once)—let them go on with their meeting, and declaiming, and praying, and contributing, till they are tired. Let them fret their madness away, and become sober by despair." But a change has since come over many in the camp of the enemies of Missions. It is now fully admitted by many, though still reluctantly by some, that the Gospel will ultimately prevail, and yet become the religion of all this mighty country. It is admitted by all those who have taken the trouble to look at the facts,

that a fair beginning has been made. Native churches are now being formed in many places with a full equipment of Native ministers, and a rich supply of Gospel ordinances. It is admitted, too, that there are some Native Christians who stand as high in piety and devotedness as the majority of Christians in any land. Yet in spite of these hopeful first-fruits there is a complaint, a secret murmuring, sinful doubts and misgivings, about the tardy progress of Christianity.

There are two classes in particular who manifest impatience and faint-heartedness, which savour more of unbelief, than of hope founded upon past experience in the work, and of thankfulness for what God has already wrought. The first of these are men who have long been in the field without much apparent success, and have laboured hard, suffered much, and endured in the cause of Christ. Contrast, they tell us, our work in India with apostolic Christianity. What mighty strides of progress the Apostles made with so much less of help from the existing authorities, nay, with the powers that be against them, and without the aid of literature, philosophy, and science! and yet before the first century had closed upon them, the Gospel was preached from "Jerusalem and round about unto Illyricum;" and before the second century had elapsed, it was received in the greatest part of the Roman empire,—it had filled the palaces, cities, islands, castles, towns, and councils; in fact, every where Christianity became the predominant element.

In modern times, they tell us to look again to the progress of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands, where scarcely half a century had elapsed till, instead of one of a city or two of a family, tribe after tribe, and nation after nation, gladly took up their cross and owned Jesus as their Saviour. Is there not something appalling, say they, in the fact that after the lapse of three centuries, and all that has been attempted and done, India is still heathen, her demon temples still proudly tower up to the very heavens, as if to challenge the Eternal?

The second class of doubters consists of newcomers, young and inexperienced. These enter on the work with a consciousness of power arising from European Christianity, science, and literature, and sanguinely expect that great and accelerated progress should follow *their* efforts and labours. The language of their impatience, fretfulness, and concealed murmurs, is thus appropriately expressed by John Foster:—"We want all that is to be done for the world to be done in our time; that a vast process should make a visible, measurable movement, going along with our rapid succession of months and years. We consider not that the Divine scheme is formed on the scope of immensity and eternity; that all the parts of it must proceed in equalised relation to one another; something in slow progress here may be waiting the advance of something elsewhere, to be in consentaneous operation. But we want to contract the Almighty's plan to our own limits of time, and to precipitate the movement that

we may see clearly to the end of it." This class of people judge every thing in this country,—Native Christianity, its bearing and influence upon the surrounding masses,—by the standard of their own more highly-favoured countries, where every thing is settled, without at all making due allowance for the obstacles arising from the transition state of things. Because visible success does not come up to the romantic expectations they formed at home, they are ready to conclude that every thing is wrong, that Missions are a failure in India; and if they do not venture to go so far, they are at least disposed to underrate, to depreciate and despise the day of small things.

Both of these classes above specified not only err in judgment, by comparing the existing state of things in this land, with the state of matters in the age of the apostles, whose preachings were followed by signs and wonders from heaven and by a special outpouring of the Spirit, or with the progress of Christianity among the South Sea islanders, among whom there prevailed certain loose notions of religion without any fixed principles, and among whom there never existed such subtle thinkers, or a fixed order of priesthood, as in this land; but they manifest an overweening conceit when they set such a high price on their exertions as to despise as small what God has been pleased to do. "To think what it cost us!" say they, in the language which John Foster puts into their mouth: "Far enough from *small*, truly, have been our labours, expenditures,

sacrifices, self-denial, inconveniences, pleadings, perhaps prayers. We have striven,—why such perverse and baffling opposition? We have reasoned,—why so few convinced, when the reasoning was the very sunshine of truth? When we have convinced,—why such indifference and inaction? We have contributed money,—why such parsimony in many who have more of it? We have preached,—how little are the people mended for it all! We have formed schools, or taught them,—does one in ten of the pupils become such as they ought to be? We have circulated Bibles by the million,—where are the large, copious evidences of the benefit? Where does the Book turn the house to a temple? Our self-importance cannot endure that so much of our agency,—*ours*,—should be consumed for so small a result. A tenth part of the pains should have done as much. It is not an equivalent; and it is a hard doom to work on such terms." Such a temper of mind as this is the very essence of unbelief, and therefore comes under the direct reproof of our text, "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

In the present aspect of missions in India, we have sufficient results not only to compensate the agencies and means at work; but also to satisfy every rational, believing, and hopeful Missionary, and to assure him that as certainly as God has begun the work, so surely will He yet bring forth the top-stone of the spiritual temple here, "with shoutings of, Grace, grace unto it." There is much at present

about the work of Missions to cheer the mind and to foster this believing hope. We shall therefore proceed to note some of the signs of the times that indicate the rapid rise of this beautiful temple of Missions.

I. One of the providential helps in which we are to rejoice, and not to despise, is the British sovereignty in India. We cannot read the history of British India,—her small beginnings, her steady growth, and her ultimate sovereignty throughout the length and breadth of the country,—without seeing the finger of God in it. However much her intelligence, the courage and discipline of her soldiery, and the vigour of her constitution may have contributed to her greatness, there was much more in the overruling providence of God, in that Divine wisdom which putteth down kings and raiseth up anew,—which, in spite of British failures and sins, has brought the whole country, kingdom after kingdom, under her control. The myriads of this land, her numerous tribes and peoples, are now put under her feet. Is there not in this overwhelming fact,—in the almost miraculous subjugation of such a country,—an intimation that God's hidden design is, that through Britain the healing balm of Christ's redemption may be poured forth over all the land? I rejoice that we are under the banner of the British Government, because it is Christian. We know Christianity forms part and parcel of its constitution. British legislation is leavened by it.

The men that come from that distant island,—her civil and military officers, her soldiery, her merchant princes who possess this realm,—though all of them are not what may be wished, or what they ought to be, still come as Christians, and send forth in the main a Christianising and an ameliorating influence. Their example, their intercourse, directly or indirectly, tend to the overthrow of heathenism and its thousand cruelties. The British sovereignty in India is pioneering the way for the Gospel. Every kingdom she gains is a gain for Missions. Her wise regulations, her just administration, her attention to the natural rights of all her subjects, and to the freedom of conscience without regard to colour or creed,—the protection that she affords to life and property, and the peace and harmony she seeks to cultivate among her subjects, are all potent auxiliaries to the Missionary cause. Think what she has already put down. She has put down infanticide, human sacrifice, suttee, thuggism, or the system of man-slaying. Think what inroads she is now making into the monstrous system of caste, by bestowing her offices equally upon all who are fit to discharge them, and by affording an equal-handed justice to all. Could we only awaken the Government to a sense of her Christian duty and dignity, and to what she owes to the woes and miseries of this land, not by declamatory vituperation, but by diffusing Christian principles among her servants, might we not expect her to do a thousand times more to the land over which she rules? But in the actual good which she

has already achieved for Missions, is there not an additional force given to my text, "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

II. Let us rejoice that the Churches of the Reformation are becoming increasingly alive to the interests of India Missions, and that a better knowledge of the country as a Missionary field, her wants and crying miseries, is now circulated widely. There used to be, till very lately, as we fear there is in many quarters still, a sad want of an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of this country. Its magnitude and resources,—its population and their habits and mode of thinking,—their time-honoured religion, and its almost omnipotent grasp of the mind and conscience of the Hindus, its vitiating and withering influences,—were all very little known before. It used to be considered that second-rate men, who could not find employment at home, would be more than equal to grapple with Mission difficulties, to plant and watch over the infant Native churches. Injurious inferences, too, were frequently drawn from the Missionary reports sent home. When the people of Britain heard that a Missionary when preaching was surrounded by a crowd, this was instantly construed as if the people were hungering for the bread of life. When they heard that a village of simple peasants, from doubtful motives of protection, put themselves under a Missionary's charge, this was spoken of as an outpouring of the Spirit, as a great Pentecostal revival. Again, when these

people gave up their profession of religion, which sat loosely upon them, and forsook the covils and small sheds in which they worshipped their demons, this was magnified as if Brahmanism was tottering to its fall, and as if the great Hindu temples were already deserted by their devotees. Now all this was delusive, and when the truth came to be known it worked injuriously for Missions, and destroyed motives to earnest and wrestling prayers.

Of late there has been much done to purify the Missionary atmosphere of all such delusions, false hopes, and promises. We deem the two pamphlets lately published, the one by the Rev. J. Mullens, and the other by a large-hearted, enlightened Christian layman, valuable contributions to the advancement of Missionary intelligence. "Were it known and well considered," says the layman, "that India is rather a large combination of countries than one country,—that there are more than twelve different languages spoken by her people,*—that there are as great differences among her races as there are between the Malays and the Negroes,—that a Missionary in Bengal is more distant from a Missionary in Sinde, in the Punjab, on the Malabar Coast, or at Tanjore, than London is from St Petersburg,—and that the language of the people to whom he preaches is no more like the Punjabee, the Sindee, the Maharattee, or the Tamil languages, than English is like

* The whole Bible has been translated into *ten* languages of India; the New Testament into *five* more; and portions of the Scriptures into *four* other languages.

Dutch or German,—there would be a far more correct apprehension of the present position and prospects of India Missions. The total area of the country gives us 1,135,440 square miles, and a population of more than 145 millions.* Of these the Bengal Presidency has as large an area as Spain. The Presidency of Madras is larger than Great Britain and Ireland. The Bombay Presidency and Sind are larger than Prussia." Who can view such an extensive field of Missionary labour, and so few to dispense the bread of life, without being stung to the very heart, that so little after all has been done by Christian Churches? It rejoices us to hear that the Churches in *America* are already bestirring themselves, and are shortly to send forth a large band of Missionaries. In England we hear of societies, with large funds in their hands, seeking for suitable men for this desolate land. Our beloved Free Church, amid her increased demands at home and abroad, among the Jews and the Colonies, is increasing her Missionaries in this direction. The labours of our worthy men, Messrs Nisbet, Anderson, and Johnston,—the last now reaping the reward of his self-denying labours in his Father's house on high,—and the labours of Dr Duff and Mr Braidwood are, we are sure, through the prayers of many, to redound to the increase of her liberality and zeal. Oh that God would increase her prayerful efforts for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom! and

* The *Trigonometrical Survey* gives the area of BRITISH INDIA at 1,368,113 square miles, and the population at 158,774,065.

may the Churches that are yet behind in this respect get a baptism of fire and zeal, that many more labourers may be constrained to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty! Who can contemplate these signs at home and abroad,—the stirrings of life, and faith, and Missionary zeal in the various Churches whose agents are now labouring in this land,—without being rebuked at the very appearance of any faint-heartedness or despondency in such a holy enterprise?

III. Let us not despise any of the existing agencies now in operation. India Missions never worked so prosperously as they are doing at present. The Churches of Britain and America are now on the alert. They are not only concentrating their forces at the great centres where God has blessed their labours, but are increasing their agency year after year. We are told that, “at the close of 1830, after a lapse of twenty years from the entry of most societies into India, the Missionary agencies stood thus—the Missionaries were a hundred and forty-seven in number, and that during the last twenty years this agency has been trebled. These are scattered over 260 stations in various parts of the country,” undoubtedly trying to grasp what is far too big. No one can hesitate to see the vast disproportion between the agencies now employed, and the masses to be overtaken. As it now stands, there is only one Missionary for every *three hundred and fifty thousand souls*.

Again, though the number of stations, compared

with what were formerly, has been greatly on the increase, there are hundreds of other cities yet unoccupied. One might walk around some of the Indian stations hundreds of miles, where a Missionary's feet never trod, and where the sounds of the Gospel have never yet been heard. The truth is, while our stations are cultivated like little Goshens, enjoying the light of the Sun of Righteousness all to themselves, the major part of the land, million upon million, is yet enveloped in heathen darkness, never till this hour penetrated by the vivifying and healing beams of the Gospel. In view of such appalling facts, let not unbelief say, Behold how small a thing all our Native churches are! How can we with our puny forces overtake so great a work? The prophet supplies the antidote, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" If prophecy speaks truly, the time is on the wing, when one man shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time."

Let us now proceed to take a glance at the agencies actually at work. There are different plans of operation set on foot, all tending towards the same great end of winning souls to Christ. And is there not much in this to encourage us? Considering the vastness of the field,—its many tribes, speaking twelve or more distinct languages, with the forms of religion modified into a thousand shapes, it would be perfectly absurd to follow the same mode of operation, the same plan of presenting the Gospel to them

to the direct preaching of the Word in the native tongues. How beautiful are the feet of them that publish glad tidings, travelling far and wide in this glorious enterprise! To all who are thus engaged, and who have the mastery of the languages of the country to arrest Native attention, and to set forth the Gospel in a simple, comprehensive, powerful way, suited to the state and condition of the Hindu mind, we heartily say, God speed. Let them go on, instant in season and out of season, preaching Christ in faith, in the streets and bazars, and at great Hindu festivals, where they are sure to command large audiences. We are aware that many things may be said against this method, about its unproductiveness, the difficulty of giving a full view of the Gospel to a miscellaneous crowd that may fluctuate every moment, the want of opportunities to repeat such visits to the same locality, or the difficulty of getting the same individuals to listen to us. But how can a Christian mind bear the thought of looking on perishing thousands, without giving them at least one opportunity of knowing the way to be saved? They may have only this one opportunity during the span-breadth of a lifetime. If we fail in reaching them now with the message of salvation, our opportunity is gone, gone for ever, and their souls will pass down into that place where peace and felicity never come, and where the horrors of despair and endless anguish make their everlasting abodes. Who does not rejoice that the Missionaries are now giving themselves to systematic tour preaching; that preaching stations

are rising in different parts of this city, at Pursewaukum, Vepery, Royapettah, Chindatrepett, Royapooram, and Black Town? Our own Mission is taking an active part in this movement. Every Lord's-day we address, at Madras and Triplicane, in their own tongues, besides the many hundreds of our pupils, between two and three hundred adults, Mahomedans and Hindus, male and female. Have not the wanderers who have been gathered, one here and another there, by a stray tract, or by something that a Missionary said, often cheered the drooping spirits and the desponding hopes of weary and fainting Missionaries?

We mention last, as a hopeful token for good, the wide spread of Christian education. It is becoming better known now, as an agency that has a strong bearing upon Missions in this land, and upon their ultimate success and triumph. Though the worthy men engaged in this sphere of labour were coldly treated at first, as being secular in their plans, anti-apostolic, and as acting contrary to the example of Christ, and the Reformers and Missionaries in other lands,—a change, a wonderful change, has taken place. Missionary bodies are now vying with each other in having superior English institutions. The advantages of these schools are now better understood. They cannot be over-estimated, as preparing the way for the direct preaching of the Gospel to adults. By them we are able to bring together youths of all ranks in society, and that, too, at a period of life when their minds are less filled with error, and most vigorous to think, to judge, and to act for themselves.

The thousands that crowd our seminaries are supplied with Bibles and a liberal education, which in itself is a demolisher of their prejudices, false notions, and dogmas. But as Missionaries we do more. We carefully fill our pupils' minds with God's holy Word, and set before them His whole counsel,—its system of vital doctrines, its morality and precepts. There are thousands now who have gone forth from our schools, who could give more intelligent answers concerning the subject matter of the Gospel, than many young men either in England or Scotland. By means of these educational institutions, English Bibles have found their way into families where otherwise they could never have got access. Their contents have been opened up to men of high respectability and station. Hindu parents themselves, instead of raising obstacles which their prejudices suggest, are sending in crowds their children to be educated, nay, are actually entreating us to establish new schools in other parts of the country. If our Churches at home were more liberal, and if we had men of mark, willing to come forth, ready to preach the Gospel, we might multiply such agencies at will, and these in time would become the centres of life and light to the regions round about. Is there anything in this to damp or quench Missionary zeal? Nay. Already it looks as if the small thing were to become a great thing, and a mighty engine for good in this idol-destroyed land.

IV. In the last place, let us turn our attention for

a moment to the actual results of the Missionary operation, as affording a mighty encouragement to faith. Had your time permitted, we might have said much under this head, showing what has been done in the way of preparation,—the translation of the entire Bible into *ten* languages of the country, of the New Testament into *five* others, the wide-spread spirit of inquiry among the natives, and their growing readiness to give up old opinions and dogmas, and to adopt the Christian truths; but our hearts rest with peculiar delight upon the positive fruits of Christianity itself. Think how rapidly the number of converts is increasing in every part of the country. God has given to every faithful Missionary more or less fruit in the actual conversion of souls from among the heathen. There is a nucleus of Christian churches formed in every station where there is a Missionary. Though their number looks small when the churches are isolated from each other, what a large aggregate do they make! There are at present 337 Native churches in different parts of this country, with about 18,410 communicants, and a native Christian community, comprising 112,000 individuals. Making due subtractions, if there be only one-third of this number truly converted to God, and made the temples of the Holy Ghost, have we not in these the first-fruits of the glorious harvest yet to be when nations shall be born in a day?

We have already sent in a large amount of God's Word into the Native community through our different schools. Not to say a word of what has been

done by Missionary tours and at our preaching stations, we are every day leavening thousands of young minds with God's holy Word. Already we see in the effects that God's Word is producing,—by emancipating many minds from grovelling and degrading superstition, by developing their intellectual and moral natures, by its powerful tendency to make the Hindus men of principle, truth, and uprightness, and above all, by the convictions and by the conversions it produces,—signal proof of its present victory and final triumph. Since the commencement of our schools, how many thousands have gone forth stored with truth and divine knowledge, who, though not converted, have, at least a great many of them, consciences and understandings formed in the mould of Christianity! What a noble spectacle for those who wrestle with God in prayer, and have power to prevail with him, to cry for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon these enlightened, convicted young men, in the day of whose power they shall be born into the kingdom! Last of all, one might derive an unspeakable encouragement from the consideration that much prayer has been put up for the conversion of this land, rising like a cloud of incense from the censer of Immanuel, at the right hand of God. Yes, some of our faithful Missionaries have laboured, suffered, endured, and fallen martyrs in the field; but their effectual, earnest, agonising prayers, are yet unanswered before the throne. Methinks I hear a cry proceeding from their graves,—“Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in

heaven." These prayers shall yet be answered, and like the prayer of Elijah, bring down upon this barren and thirsty land a plenteous shower, a copious outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Let us, then, join the number of all those faithful Missionaries who have gone before, in the cry,—“Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” “Take the great power to thyself, and reign thou as Prince and Saviour over this and every land.”

II.

SOME OF THE GREAT OBSTACLES TO THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN INDIA CONSIDERED, WITH A VIEW TO STIMULATE MISSIONARIES, AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, TO A HIGHER AND MORE ENERGETIC EXERCISE OF FAITH, PATIENCE, AND PRAYER, IN THEIR EFFORTS TO EVANGELISE THIS COUNTRY.

BY THE REV. A. VENKATARAMIAH,

OF THE MADRAS FREE CHURCH MISSION.

THE subject now before us, my friends, is one of vital importance, and has a direct bearing on the Missionary enterprise in this land. It calls upon us to consider the difficulties with which a Missionary has to grapple, while engaged 'in proclaiming the glorious Gospel of Christ to souls destroyed by idolatry. If it be a fact that obstacles great and manifold meet him at every turn, is it not essential that he should know somewhat of their nature, strength, and magnitude? The hearts of Christians are so prone to become cold, indifferent, and unconcerned for the perishing millions of souls around them, that it requires no ordinary effort on their part to rise to any thing like a full appreciation of the true character,

difficulty, and magnitude of the Missionary work, now in operation in this city and throughout India. There is something in the vast extent of India, in the multitude of its peoples, of diverse tribes and races, speaking each a language of their own, in the degraded moral state of its prostrate sons and daughters, destroyed by a false religion, and in the fearful waste of mind, affection, and moral feeling, under the shadow of its monstrous ritual, deeply fitted to awe and overwhelm every Christian heart. And when we take into account the length of time that Hinduism has borne sway over thousands of generations, the number of its votaries even to this day, the bewitching character of its idolatries, its tyrannical institution of caste, its monstrous systems of philosophy, falsely so called,—all wielded and worked by a most corrupt, oppressive, and subtle priesthood; and contrast this with the small, the painfully small, amount of moral and spiritual agency as yet brought to bear upon it, as one of the most ancient and best organised systems of moral evil in the world,—surely there is enough in so sad a spectacle to rouse Christians from their apathy, deeply to affect their hearts, and to constrain them to mourn and weep over the many myriads of souls slain by this cruel superstition.

It is obvious that, on an occasion like the present, we can only take a cursory view of some of the most prominent difficulties which impede the efforts of the Missionary in this and in every other part of the country. There are obstacles in the way of Euro-

pean Missionaries, arising from the nature of the climate, from the difficulty of mastering the native languages, and of acquiring such a familiarity with the manners of the people, their modes of thought and feeling, as to speak with power and directly to their hearts and consciences. Apart from these and other minor hindrances, there are more formidable difficulties to be encountered when the Missionary, be he a European or a native, actually comes into contact with souls to proclaim the overtures of salvation.

I. Of these we may name, first, *Idolatry*.

Our object will not now be to depict the nature of this idolatry, or trace its origin as the root and nourisher of error and superstition, but rather to exhibit the strength of its operation, as an opposing element of might to the progress of the Word of God.

Hindu idolatry derives much of its force and strength, as a constant and resolute opponent of the Gospel, from its close connection with the false philosophy and theology of Pantheism and Vedantism;—it is their concentrated result or efflorescence. It is often vaguely asserted that Hinduism, confused, absurd, and monstrous as it is in its main features as a system, yet proceeds upon a distinct recognition of the doctrine of one God. But this is a loose statement, made without proper consideration of either what the most ancient and sacred standards of the Hindu religion really teach, or what the present idolatrous practices do actually exhibit. The direct

tendency of the Vedas, Shastras, and Puranas, as well as the opinions and practices now prevalent among the people, is to dissipate and scatter that sentiment and sense of religion originally impressed on the human soul, on a multitude and diversity of objects, and thus to waste and destroy their force.

"It is acknowledged," says John Foster, "that the most ancient authorities of Hindu faith retain a trace of primeval truth, in the doctrine of a Supreme Spirit, distinguished from the infinity of personifications on which the religious sentiment is wasted, and from those few transcendent demon figures which proudly stand out from the insignificance of the swarm. But the idea,—reduced to inanity by time, superstition, and ignorance,—feebly apprehended by the general mind,—a mere *nebula* in the Hindu heaven,—is inefficacious for shedding one salutary ray on spirits infatuated with all that is trivial and gross in the superstition." Such is the whole amount of the "primeval truth" to be found in the Hindu system. Did this alone constitute the sum total of all the use which Hinduism has made of the notion of a Supreme Spirit, its idolatries would not assume such attitudes of hostility to God's truth, as they, in point of fact, exhibit. But it proceeds further. The doctrine of one God is not only lost sight of, but is entirely perverted, and made to assume quite a different aspect; so that if there is still such a thing as the idea of one Supreme Being in the Hindu system or mind, it exists there, not as a simple pure theism, but under the pernicious form of *Pantheism*, the invariable and sure

effect of which is to destroy that distinction which must ever subsist between the Creator and the creature, to confound cause with effect, and matter with spirit, and to extinguish those sparks of the moral sense which constitute man a spiritual and responsible being.

The Rev. Dr Duff, of Calcutta, in his examination before the Select Committee of the House of Lords, in April last, in answer to a question put to him by Lord Elphinstone, about the truthfulness of the Hindus, gives a brief and comprehensive statement of Pantheism, its nature and tendency.

"In my previous remarks," says the Doctor, "respecting the generating causes of untruthfulness, I have been speaking rather of the lower and more illiterate classes of the natives; the higher and more learned classes of the Hindus, at least the more speculative part of them, follow sundry transcendental systems. They have all the types and forms of Pantheism which have ever emanated from Germany, only much older; they have the material form, the ideal form, and the spiritual form. These systems lead to a total disregard for what we call sin or guilt, and of right and wrong; the tendency of any one of them, wrought out practically, is to annihilate conscience. The tendency of idolatry is, for the reasons indicated, to operate very much in the same way; so that, in reality, we often feel, in dealing with these people—whether they be under a higher Pantheistic system of their own, or under any popular idolatrous system—that in the case of adults we

have almost to begin to *create* a conscience. This is language that is common among us—that we have to create, as it were, a soil for the reception of the seed of truth at all.”

Viewed, then, in this light, what a potency does idolatry acquire, and with what fearful effect must it tell on its votaries, to the utter perversion of all right spiritual conceptions, moral feelings and actions! And yet how awful to think that such idolatry is the religion of the whole masses of the people with whom we have to deal! As their religion, it cannot but put forth constantly that power and influence which are peculiar and appropriate to religion. That sense of religion which men have by the very constitution of their minds, is one of the strongest principles of human nature. Whatever, in the shape of religion, takes an effectual hold of this sense must, in reality, obtain entire supremacy over the whole moral being. That Hindu idolatry in point of fact does this, cannot be doubted for a moment. Add to this the melancholy fact, that the religious sentiment and sense in the Hindu mind are at times fearfully agitated by an undefined feeling of guilt, and are perverted by superstitious fears and gross ignorance, and you will see at once what it is in their idolatries which communicates life and motion to the great, and otherwise inert, masses of the Hindu population at some of the great idolatrous festivals, by virtue of which they repair in crowds to their sacred and famous shrines, and become mad upon their idols.

Observe again, that this idolatry has on its side all

that weight and power which a venerated antiquity and prevailing custom can impart unto it. When we hold out to the Hindus the Gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation, how do they regard it, and what is the ever-recurring statement by which they throw contempt upon it? Is it not by saying that Christianity is a religion of yesterday? Is the Missionary not challenged to look back to the thousands of years during which their religion has wielded its power over their ancestors? If we speak to them of the power of the Gospel to convert sinners, do they not tauntingly point to the small number of its converts, and ask us to contrast the mere handful of Christians in this land with the myriads who adhere to Hinduism? Yes, my friends, there is a fascinating, delusive, and deadly influence put forth on the Hindu mind by antiquity, custom, and numbers, when viewed in connection with their religion. Some may say that, in the case of the Hindus, this arises from gross ignorance,—ignorance of the past, and of what is now going on in the world. But do we not know that such ignorance is just the mud-wall rampart of superstition and false religion? If ignorance, then, be such a bulwark, Hindu idolatry has it to a fearful extent, in that gross and thick darkness which so fully covers and enthrals the minds of this people. Let us not omit to mention, in passing, how the influence thus imparted to idolatry by antiquity and hoary custom, is intensified by the force of prevailing example and habit.

Consider, again, the power which idolatry acquires

by its multifarious adaptations and affinities to every variety of temperament, character, habit, appetite, and pursuit, which distinguish the multitudes under its sway. By means of these it not only possesses dominion over the illiterate and the vulgar, but also draws in the learned and refined within the vortex of its influence. We shall commit a grievous mistake if we suppose that there is not much more in Hindu idolatry than the images set up and designed as books to teach and delude the ignorant. Such may be the case with the rude and unmeaning sort of image-worship which is found in the South Sea Islands, or with that vague kind of demon-worship prevalent among the Shanars in the southern part of this presidency. But it is far otherwise here. Brahmanical idolatry has all kinds of resources at its command. It has idols, festivals, and shows of every description, to dazzle the eyes and captivate the minds of the ignorant; evasions, for that class who are possessed of some knowledge; and delusions, with which it checks all free inquiry and lulls the conscience into deeper slumber. By the vast provision which it makes for glutting the appetites and lusts of men, by these and other diabolical appliances, Hindu idolatry drags together all classes and castes of people, from the wisest Brahman to the lowest Pariah, to be destroyed under its huge and pestilential shadow.

Once more, view idolatry as one vast and constant appeal to the senses of a people, whose minds the Prince of Darkness hath blinded by ignorance and

delusion, and you will get still further insight into its deadly results. Cast a glance at the "miraculously multiplied and ramified order or disorder of ritual fooleries" of the Hindu religion, and tell me whether it has not taken a gigantic hold on the senses and souls of its victims. When idolatry thus obtains dominion over the senses by its appeals to them, do you think that it stops there? Is there no power of delusion and evil going forth from these, and penetrating the inmost parts of the spirits of those votaries who are mad upon their idols, to drag them, soul and body, to degradation and ruin? Yes, there is such a power of infatuation at work in their minds. If such, then, be the character of Hindu idolatry, and so manifold the sources of its power and influence, and so direct and constant its working on the hearts, minds, and senses of those who are under its dominion, who can fail to see how powerful and resolute an opponent it must be to the truth? We have heard of the idolatries of civilised Rome and Greece. They were, no doubt, formidable enough to those who had to encounter them; but there are specialties in the idolatries of Hindustan, which give them a terrible front, as set in battle array against the aggressive advances of Christianity. Pantheism, as we have already seen, gives a power to idolatry which is not easily overthrown.

II. But there is another giant evil, in close alliance with Hinduism, with which the Gospel has to wage a war of extermination before it can reign

supreme in this city and vast land. *This is the institute of Caste.* Here, again, our views of caste, as a mighty hindrance to the spread of vital Christianity, will very much depend on the notions that we have of its nature. Some men regard it as a mere civil distinction, similar to that which exists between the different ranks of a civilised community. But look at it as it is portrayed in the Shastras, and practically viewed by the Hindus themselves, and you will at once see that caste is essentially religious in its character, and is no common foe to the Gospel. Its power lies in its being at once the cement that binds firmly together the various parts of Hinduism, and the bulwark against the approaches of all external influences. Strange it may appear to some, that caste, dividing and separating the people as it does, should yet, in alliance with religion, act as a potent cement. Strange though it be, yet it is not the less a fact, that it keeps the different parts of Hinduism together as one great compact whole. Whatever in the progress of time is fitted to produce changes upon a people, is prevented from so acting on the Hindus by this formidable institute. For while it acts with all the vital force of a principle of life on Hindu idolatry, it tells also, with deadly effect, in warding off and overpowering all those salutary influences of change and improvement, which may be brought to bear upon it. This is seen in the fact, that the masses of the population have for many generations lain, and are at this moment lying, prostrate in hopeless inferiority. As a sure consequence of such a state of things, what a

dull, unexciting, dead level obtains throughout the whole of the Hindu community ?

In the days of the apostles there was a powerful idolatry rampant ; but the truth, in their hands, triumphed gloriously over it. At the era of the Reformation, Luther and his coadjutors found in Popery an idolatry which was a very powerful element to contend with. But where in all the world is there a system, which has not only all the elements of strength common to it, with other forms of idolatry, but possesses such a bulwark as caste, which at once strengthens all that is within, and at the same time keeps out all extraneous influences ? If there had been no caste among the Hindus, their intercourse with other nations, political changes, and the progress of the mind by education, would, no doubt, have repeatedly shaken Hinduism to its centre. But caste shuts out the operation of all such influences. It keeps every man in his own calling, and chalks out for him his course in life, whether he has inclination and fitness for it or not. The religion which he is to profess, the principle upon which he is to act, the pursuits he is to follow, and the position he is to occupy among his people, were all determined and fixed long before he had a being. The Hindu mind is thus completely stereotyped by caste. We ask the Missionary with what feeling he surveys this citadel of Hinduism as he wars against it.

True, idolatry is formidable, but the Word of God is powerful to crush it to the ground. True, idolatry has a strong and powerful grasp of the hearts and

affections of the people, but the Bible is the sharp two-edged sword of the Spirit, to penetrate the inmost recesses of the heart, and to cut asunder every opposing tie. What is the actual feeling of the Missionary when bent on his aggressive movements upon the masses of idolaters? Does he not feel that there is an adamantine rampart thrown around them, and that he is shut out by caste from all direct, close, and familiar access to their hearts and dwellings? He is shut out from assailing their towering idolatry at close quarters; he only stands without its ramparts, throwing his weapons as it were across it. He cannot penetrate to the hearts of families and tribes, so as freely to reach the males and females, young and old, and to destroy by piecemeal this standing evil of idolatry. True, sound education is enlightening the rising generation, and Bibles and Tracts are circulated. Christianity is silently leavening the masses, and secretly undermining the foundations of this impregnable rampart of caste. Yet is it not equally true, that, to this day, we are standing to a great extent only on the outskirts of Hinduism? Regarded by the people as Mletchas, Chandalas, and Pariahs, we cannot penetrate into their houses. If such be the workings of caste, alike the cement and bulwark of Hinduism, what can the Missionary do but feel the dreadful nature of its opposition to his work, and helplessly cast himself on God?

View caste again as that which imparts vitality to the whole system of Hinduism. Were there no caste, there would not be such might in Hindu idolatry.

For this idolatry does not merely set up a number of images in order to attract the multitudes. There are, no doubt, gods made of wood, stone, gold, and silver. But it is not the idol, it is the divinity supposed to reside within it, that invests it with such awful power. And who is it that brings the divinity to dwell there? Who is it that by his potent muntras makes a particular block of stone or metal, not merely a representation of the deity, but the god himself? It is the Brahman. And what makes the Brahman? It is not purity of personal character, it is not superior knowledge and wisdom that constitute a Brahman; neither does he acquire power, the wondrous power of the muntra, by any of these qualities. It is *birth-purity* alone that makes a Brahman, investing him with sacredness, and giving him the power to bring the god into the idol. The Soodras, who form the body of worshippers, are not the less qualified by caste for their acts of idol-worship and devotion. However determined a Soodra may be to visit the shrine of his god, and to perform his poojahs or vows there, should a Pariah happen to touch him in the way, he is instantly defiled; he dare not approach the sacred spot. He must return and wash himself. He must be purified, he must change his garments, he must put on his marks afresh. Then, in possession again of that purity which, in his eyes, resides in his caste, he appears before his god to perform his vows,—to acquire merit and to secure his reward. Not only the worshippers, but the very gods themselves can be polluted, by the presence, sight, or touch of those who

have no caste, who are Pariahs and outcasts. These persons cannot be allowed to come near the idols. If they attempt a near approach, the gods must be veiled from their sight till the polluters are forced to flee from the spot. Their presence is held to be dangerous, and to diffuse pollution around.

Consider further, that caste rivets fast those chains of moral turpitude which sin and idolatry fasten upon the minds, hearts, and consciences of this people. Their moral perceptions and sensibilities are sufficiently blunted by an idolatry which never fails to bring with it an awful depth of evil and moral degradation. But caste rivets those chains which are thus fastened on for ever. Are we not struck by the contrast between the Hindu system of idolatry and those systems which prevail in other parts of the world? Where is the country in which idolatrous worship has not been affected by political changes, by social improvements, by the spread of truth and knowledge? In the ancient Pagan world there were men possessed of wit, and able to wield the weapons of ridicule with power, who, by the mere light of reason, saw that idolatry was a lie and a curse to their respective countries, and exposed it with a force of raillery and wit which helped to pave the way for its utter overthrow. But it is not so in Hindustan, where the same deities have been revered and worshipped from time immemorial. Generation after generation has passed away, family has succeeded family, race has followed race, era after era has come and gone; but still the Hindu remains under the shadow of the

same idolatry, which extends its deadly shade over his inmost spirit. Its stagnant waters, with baneful fecundity, cease not to send forth all that is vile and abominable.

We must not here omit to notice the deteriorating influence of caste on the mental, moral, and social condition of the Hindus. Man is made for progress. If he does not advance, he must retrograde. He must move, if not forward towards good, then backward towards evil. He cannot remain in the same state. He cannot acquire a certain amount of knowledge, refinement, and moral excellence, and there remain stationary, using it as a kind of inexhaustible capital. The action of caste is decidedly against improvement, and therefore must prove a mighty cause of deterioration. Facts prove it. The history of India proves the existence of such a gradual and general deterioration. If you read the standard books of the Hindus, their dramatic works and poetry, you will find them to be the productions of vigorous minds and of lively and strong imaginations. In the cultivation of the sciences, and in the improvement of their arts and social institutions, they reached a high point about two thousand years ago, when they left some of their neighbours behind them in the scale of civilization. But there they stopped. There has been nothing allowed to visit them, in the shape of powerful impulses to urge them forward in the march of improvement and civilization. Those mighty forces which shook Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, and Persia, did not penetrate Hindustan and con-

vulse Brahmanism and caste ; so that the result has been steady deterioration.

The Mahomedans entered the land with the sword. But were they able as successfully to propagate their faith in the regions under the shadow of Hinduism as they did elsewhere ? Why not, but just because they had to encounter the opposition of an institution which baffled all their fiery and determined energy. A chain was found linking the people to their superstitions, which even the cruelty and intolerance of the followers of Mahomed were unable to break asunder. Now, when we thus view caste as rivetting the chains of idolatry, and producing such a sure deterioration, can any one fail to see what a gigantic obstacle it presents to the spread of the Gospel of Christ ?

If we compare the present state of the people of India with that of other nations, if we look at the triumphs of the Gospel in the Roman Empire and at the time of the Reformation in Europe, we feel that much preparatory work is yet to be done here. Long before the Word became incarnate, and the Apostles went forth on their Missionary errand, there were great commotions, and revolutions, and mighty shakings among the nations. The gods were hurled down from their lofty elevation. Prejudices were destroyed, and the minds of men were set free. So was it also at the era of the Reformation. The crusades preceded it. Literature, science, and knowledge, were ordained of God to be its pioneers. The minds of men were shaken from their slumber under Popery.

The Papal adherents began to feel that ignorance was no longer bliss. The Word of God stood forth from its obscurity as the antagonist of error. Then it was that Popery received a wound, a deep and an incurable wound, which is manifestly to prepare the way for its ultimate downfall. But what is the present state of India? Its apathy of ages is scarcely disturbed; there are few stirrings of the spirit of inquiry among her mighty populations,—not many of them are seen longing for the truth,—few endeavours are put forth to shake off the shackles of Brahmanism and caste, and to throw the idols to the moles and to the bats. There is not even to any extent an intellectual perception of the evil of the system, and the moral sense is wholly corrupted. Hence it is that the Hindus have been trampled down, strangers have possessed their country, and the land has been wasted by repeated invasions. All this cometh upon them because they have departed from the true and the living God by their vile idolatries, and yet they are so destroyed that they know it not.

III. Such are the two formidable obstacles of idolatry and caste which meet the Missionary in this land at every turn, and threaten to put a stop to that glorious work in which he is engaged. Did our time allow, and were we disposed to seek for another difficulty, we would find a most appalling one in *that state of mind and conscience, heart and character, which is the combined result of idolatry and caste*. It is not in idolatry as a system, or caste as an institution

alone, that the Missionary finds the most powerful element of opposition to his work. No doubt idol pagodas rear their heads all around, and a subtle and powerful priesthood are rampant in the land. There are gorgeous shows to attract, much wealth is lavished on the worship of the idols, and a mighty invisible power drags the multitudes along to be the willing victims of idolatry. But as the baneful fruit of these agencies, there is the state of mind and character, which, as a very formidable obstacle, must be grappled with and overcome. Even when we are actually engaged in proclaiming the lessons of God's holy Word to large audiences on Sabbath and weekdays in their own tongues, what kind of impression do we actually make on the minds and hearts of our hearers? When we tell them of the holiness of God, and the spirituality of his law,—when the truths of the Bible, touching sin, righteousness, and judgment to come, are pressed home on their consciences, there are no living responses given. Conscience seems to be dead; no moral sense is evoked into power. There seems to be no spiritual perception in them to see the moral beauty of those truths presented before them, or to feel the cogency of the reasons and motives urged on them. Such a melancholy state of things may, to a considerable extent, be accounted for by the ignorance which every where prevails. But this comes far short of the truth. Such a death-like stagnancy of the moral and mental powers can alone arise from minds and consciences deluded, perverted, and deadened, by idolatry and caste. If you set before

them the truth about the one true God, that omnipotent Spirit who is the sovereign Lord of all, a counterpart error is brought forward in the Pantheistic notion, to break the force of your statement. The Hindu Pantheist has a god of his own imagination ; a god present everywhere and in all things ; in you and in him ; in rational and irrational beings ; in the animate and inanimate parts of the creation alike ; a god who is in all things, and is himself all things. In minds possessed of such pernicious notions, there reigns a profound spiritual death, which all your efforts fail to disturb, and from which you cannot evoke one living response to any of your appeals. What is the cause of this deadness ? How shall we account for it ? It is not confined to any one locality or to any single class or caste of people, but prevails throughout the whole land. We may go to any village, and speak there to the blacksmith, or the carpenter, or to a man of any other caste or profession. He will listen to you, perhaps, with feelings of wonder. But what you say does not rouse him from his lethargy ; there is no feeling of sin produced. He may even admit that idols are a lie, but yet he does not feel that he has a lie in his right hand, and that if he dies in his present state, he will enter into the unseen world, to stand in the presence of God with that lie in his right hand. You may next address a learned Brahman, so as to rouse him from his state of self-sufficiency. Whilst he may smile with complacency upon you, and appear to assent to your statement, a deadly Pantheism and a strong feeling

of caste are all the while lurking in his mind. The Soodra is indeed under the influence of Pantheism, but the Brahman has all the various forms which it may assume at his finger-ends. Speak to him about his sins and the iniquities of his caste,—their corruptions, their lies, their deceit, their neglect of the people, whose guides and instructors they profess to be,—he will coolly trace them all to God, and impiously roll them all upon His shoulders. God, according to his notions, is not only every where and in all things, but every thing is God. So that in this confusion of all existence with the Divine, his own individual being, conscience, and responsibility, are all lost sight of and absorbed. Among the Brahmans, above all others, the ravages produced by the Hindu Pantheistic idolatry are especially seen in the almost total destruction of conscience, and of all right moral perceptions and sensibilities. It is very easy to multiply such examples. But we will not proceed any further. This state of mind and character in the Hindu is most appalling to contemplate. It is one vast stagnant pool. Whatever may have occasionally ruffled its surface, it has not been for ages visited by storms or tempests, terrible and fierce enough to agitate and convulse it to its inmost depths. And as no extraneous influences have thus reached it with sufficient power, it is still the prolific source of all that is disgusting, abominable, and debasing.

We will close this part of our subject by another quotation, from the Report of the examination of Dr Duff, before the Select Committee of the House of Lords :—

“ Now as the very system of Hinduism throughout, from its most monstrous extravagances, tends to generate a singular credulity of character, and leads, in fact, to a very great disregard for truth ; let any one just realise what the effect must be upon the national character, when the beings who are revered and adored are themselves of characters such as, if they were to be now manifested on earth, would be not only contemptible but punishable. I refer to this now only on account of its operation upon the moral condition of the people. The masses of the Bengalee people are taken up entirely with the worship of their gods and goddesses ; they hear their legends everlastingly rehearsed ; they have their festivals at which they are dramatised ; those legends are full of abominations of every kind ; some of their gods, for example, not only patronise drunkenness, but were drunkards ; some of them not only patronise thieving, but were thieves ; some of them not only patronise murder, but were murderers ; some of them not only patronise lying, but were liars. I speak now in the same manner as I would speak of those things to any of the intelligent natives themselves. These are matters so well known and notorious, that they will at once acknowledge them ; and if you speak kindly to them, they will listen to any friendly exposure of their system. One would like, then, to know how it is possible for the human mind to be everlastingly in contact with phases of character such as those now indicated, on the part of beings that are actually worshipped, without receiving an evil tincture and

bias, which tends to deaden and quench all the higher and finer sensibilities of our nature,—yea, and to extinguish the distinction between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood; leading them at last to be careless whether a thing is true or false; so that in Bengal it has almost passed into a proverb, that a native prefers a falsehood to the truth, if you present him with both, and either will equally serve his purpose.”

Do we need, my friends, facts to prove that this sad picture of the Hindu character is an accurate and true one? Do not the Missionaries who preach to the Hindus, and the Christians who transact business with them, know that truth has almost utterly disappeared from the streets of this city and country? There is no true sense of religion and of the fear of God in their minds.

If such be the difficulties arising from idolatry and caste, and if such be the state of mind and conscience to which they lead, how are we to regard them? Do we call upon you to contemplate them in all their magnitude and strength, that you may be stunned by them and shut up to despondency? Far be it from us to entertain such a view of the difficulties of the Missionary work as may paralyse exertion, and cause us to yield to any thing approaching to hopeless despair. In view of these gigantic obstacles, our evil hearts of unbelief will secretly whisper within us, if these obstacles be indeed so formidable and insurmountable, what *can* our puny strength and feeble efforts do for their overthrow? It is Omnipotence

alone that can demolish them. Let us then leave the work to Him who has omnipotence, and quietly wait for the time when He will be pleased to put it forth to accomplish His own work. We may at times be tempted thus to reason. But this is to act under the influence of a fatalism like that which deadens the energies of the deluded Hindu and Mahomedan. But God commands us to be up and doing, by the consideration that if the difficulties are great, the power of His Word, the prevalence of Christ's work and advocacy, and the energy of His Spirit are infinitely greater. Let no power of opposition, however fierce and formidable, ever tempt us to consign our work of winning the souls of the perishing Hindus into the hands of a paralysing fatalism ; but in the strength of God, let us give ourselves wholly to it in season and out of season. Let us guard our minds in another direction, lest the frequency with which we survey the difficulties of our arduous work, and the familiarity that we acquire with the miseries of those who are crushed under their power, should make our hearts insensible and indifferent to the appalling condition of the wretched millions around us. These difficulties, no doubt, must be felt and realised, in order that we may be duly conscious of the magnitude of the undertaking in which we are engaged. It is indispensable that we should estimate aright the strength of the barriers to the Gospel, and to its free and full access to the hearts and consciences of the heathen. But we should, at the same time, be aware that, in themselves, these difficulties, when duly real-

ised, are apt to produce in us that despondency and insensibility of mind to which we have alluded. But then, if we are animated by right considerations, if we take a view of these obstacles in the unerring light of Scripture, they will neither make us despair nor become insensible ; they will rather be made the means, under God's Holy Spirit and grace, of daily stirring up our faith, patience, and prayer, to a higher and more energetic exercise.

My friends, our work is not an enterprise set on foot by men or Missionaries. It is the cause of God's own truth ; and the carrying of it out is nothing else but the development of His plans and purposes, and the accomplishment of His promises. Against whom are these formidable obstacles set in array, but against Him who commanded His disciples to go into all the world and to preach the Gospel to every creature ? Let us then go forth to our work under the weighty sanction of such a high commission. What if, while engaged in it, difficulties thicken on every side,—if the darkness becomes more visible and darker by the very rays of truth penetrating them,—if idolatry and caste grow more intense in their opposition to us,—and the Prince of Darkness himself stands behind them, impregnating them all with that life and energy which he possesses as a fallen archangel ! Should not all these powers of darkness only be so many arguments to urge us on to a higher and a more energetic exercise of faith than we ordinarily manifest, and to engage with renewed vigour in the mighty warfare before us ?

Consider the promises of God as they are made known by the prophets, and then look at India in their light. We see that idolatry and caste are making havoc of the people around us, and infusing their fatal virus into the very fountains of thought and feeling. Their minds are hardened ; and every repetition of their idolatrous festivals casts them, as it were, into a blazing furnace of fanaticism and superstition, from which they come forth still more hardened and obdurate. The more we view such difficulties, in the light of God's promises, the higher ought our faith to rise, and the more steadily should it look up, with eagle gaze, to Him who is within the veil. To Him the Father hath given the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. To Him the promise is made, the word has gone forth from the Lord of hosts, and it cannot fail. Turn again to the prophetic declarations which embody the prospective history of the world, and lean on the precious promises and weighty considerations which they hold forth. The veracity of God and His omnipotence are pledged for the success of Missions in this country. Let our faith then grasp these promises, and derive from them fresh courage for the contest. Missionaries have much to stagger them in the difficulties of their work, and praying Christians are often perplexed in their minds at the comparatively slow progress which the Gospel makes in this land. But this is not to walk by faith but by sense. Let us call to mind the moral heroism of the patriarchs, prophets, and other holy men of old,

who, through faith in the promise of God, "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Animated by a faith like theirs, let us go forth to the high places of the field in the full assurance of victory.

But to this high exercise of faith we must add that of patience. Let not our firm and energetic faith in the promised victory lead us for a moment to imagine that these obstacles are to be vanquished in a day, and that we have nothing to do but to look for immediate and extended results. This would be to bind God to times and seasons. We are but short-sighted creatures at the best, and cannot see afar off. With God a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years. The conversion of one soul appears to us an isolated fact. But not so to Him. At what rate His truth is now making progress throughout India, and what those influences are which are secretly undermining the foundations of Hinduism, we cannot fully know and appreciate. But God sees and knows them all. Let us not, therefore, murmur and be impatient at what we call want of success, as if the Lord were slack concerning His promise. But let patience have her perfect work in us; and in patience let us wait on our God, in full assurance of faith that in His own good time and way He will accomplish all His purposes of grace and mercy. While faith looks forward to the

coming day, and gripes the promises, and patience waits God's appointed time of accomplishing these promises, let fervent and effectual prayer ascend up, at *all* times, to the throne on high, to set in motion the omnipotent arm of Him who sitteth on the throne. Let God be reminded of his purposes and promises. Let his remembrancers give him no rest till he accomplishes his great work on the earth. Let us not be terrified or shrink back from encountering our foes. Let not difficulties damp our courage or paralyse our energies, but rather stimulate us to higher efforts. Let us not murmur or be impatient at what seems to be delay ; but, possessing our souls in patience, cry to him with greater energy and earnestness than ever, and give him no rest till he pour out his Spirit from on high in rich abundance on this great country.

Who, that looks in faith at what is now going on in India, does not see that the day of her full emancipation is fast approaching ? Light is breaking forth on all sides. Every soul truly converted to God is a fresh assurance that that day is drawing nigh. Every soul snatched from the power of idolatry, set free from the shackles of caste, and imbued with vital Christianity,—and, we may add, every soul that has winged its flight to the presence of its Saviour,—assures us that the day has already dawned. Events are crowding onwards towards this glorious result. On any day we may be surprised by a rich harvest of souls even in this city. In China a great blow seems to have been given to idolatry. In this country there

are shakings going on, in the minds at least of the rising generation ; knowledge, sound Christian knowledge, of which God's Word is the life and centre, is fast spreading, Bibles are largely circulated, Missionaries are labouring, many means are employed, powerful influences are at work, new ideas are afloat. Western refinement and civilization are telling on the people, and the Word of God, taught and preached in the Native tongues, is silently leavening the masses. In view of all these influences, should we not wrestle with God in increasing, effectual, and fervent prayer, that He himself may come down by the energy of his Spirit "to overturn, overturn, overturn" everything that standeth opposed to the progress of his everlasting Gospel? Mountain-like difficulties shall yet become plains. The iron rod of Immanuel's sway shall break in pieces every obstacle to the progress of his kingdom. Before his coming every barrier shall be crushed and laid low. May that great and glorious day soon come! Some of us who have borne the burden and heat of the day may not live to see it. Whether we live, or be dead and gone to our rest, it will surely come. He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. May the Lord Jesus come quickly, take unto himself his glorious power, and reign as King in this great land!

III.

LETTER FROM THE REV. S. ETTIRAJOOLOO TO MR BRAIDWOOD.

NELLORE, 2d August 1853.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I was greatly cheered by the prospect which your affectionate letter opens for our Nellore Branch School. Of all the branches connected with our Mission, Nellore is not the least in importance. It is surrounded by a range of villages on all sides; and as it is an influential station, many are constantly seen coming from these different villages. I have seen some of them enter our school with wonder, quite delighted with the studies of the boys and their active looks. They have often requested me, as they were parting, "Sir, our poor children have none to teach them, or to care for them: when will you establish a school for us?" My general answer to them is, "We have no money; but when the Christian friends in Scotland and England send us help, then we will do so." We can have two or three very interesting and influential stations,—one at *Goodoor*, another at *Naidoopet*, and a third at *Soolarpet* (all on the way from Madras). The inhabitants of these stations have often requested Mr Anderson and yourself to establish schools for them; but nothing has yet been done for them.

You must have been much tried in your mind by the removal of our beloved Missionary father, Mr Johnston, from a world of sin and sorrow to a heaven of joy and peace. The sad news filled us with inexpressible grief. None felt the loss so much as Mr Anderson, to whom it was like losing the right hand, or the right eye. "I am silently feeling his loss," he says, "more than I can express." I read an account of it from the *Ayr Advertiser*, which you so kindly sent me, to my boys when they came together for prayer. It produced a very deep impression upon them: some shed tears; others were thunderstruck; and all seemed to feel the loss. The Mahomedans were especially moved; for some of them remembered how tenderly he loved them. Our Mission has seen both mercy and judgment. The reception of eight souls into the Church militant, and the entrance of three into the mansions of glory above, are not a little fitted to wean our affections from the things of this passing world, and to stir us up to make our calling and election sure.

I must now describe to you my work as an evangelist since my coming to Nellore (May 1852). I had been up to that time in the Mission family, surrounded by fathers and brethren. But now I was called to exercise my various duties, as a minister, alone. I came to this place, full of hope and faith, determined to do something for Christ and for my poor countrymen. Just like the disciples of Christ, who cheerfully launched their bark without any idea of the coming storm, so I came from the bosom of the Church, expecting every thing calm and easy.

Often I have been made to feel my weakness and utter helplessness; and as often have I been upheld in my faith and love by the letters I constantly received from Madras. The living sympathy of my brethren, their deep concern in my work, and their cordial counsels, made my path pleasant and easy.

This land, as you well know, is utterly destroyed for lack of knowledge. Idolatry, with its attendant vices, has brought this place into a state of apathy and death. Cholera is raging while I write, and is sweeping away many into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. The town resounds with the noise of timbrels and tomtoms (rude drums). The people are seen going, in mad devotion, along the streets, calling upon the goddess (cholera) to save the people and stay the plague. On last Sabbath, as our ayah was putting the baby to sleep, she was seized with fear and trembling, and was almost ready to drop down. It was because she heard the noise as one of the parties was going to the temple, and she thought of the enraged goddess.

The way in which the goddess is propitiated is truly sickening and deplorable. Females, contrary to all Hindu customs and manners, are seen going with dishevelled heads and fierce looks, and with bitter leaves in their hands, which they eat. Their fearful yells, their frantic dance, and their divinations strike the people with awe. There a man brings some fruits, and offers them with humble devotion. There a feeble female brings a live chicken, which the devotee snatches from her hands, then tears it with her teeth, drinks the blood, and throws the

remainder away. When they reach the temple, after many washings and bathings, they offer their gifts to the goddess, and then return to their homes. Oh, what madness! what infatuation! what delusion!—Our school itself has suffered much from this plague. Some of the pupils have lost their parents; others, brothers and sisters; and many have stopped coming to our school through fear. Two of our very nice and interesting girls have fallen a prey to this dreadful plague. We have still in our *Female Department* upwards of a *hundred* girls. I find it more difficult here to get them to our school than I did at Madras. I took great pains last year with the first (or most advanced) class; but now the three best girls of this class have been stopped. One of them especially was a very interesting child, and was known in our school as *Vathanthi*, because she would not believe in idols, or wear their mark, or do their ceremonies. She was often touched, as my wife explained to her about the sufferings of Christ, and expressed her desire to follow Christ. She is only eight years old; and though she wishes to come to the school, her mother will not send her. In our present first class there are *twenty* girls reading the Gospel of Matthew in their own language (Telugu), and the first *English Instructor*. They are taught also geography, grammar, and arithmetic. The other classes are in various degrees of progress. I have adopted a plan of instructing *all* the girls in one of the Gospels. It takes them a very long time indeed before they can *read* the Gospels in their own language or in English; but every class, from the highest to the lowest, even those that

are studying the alphabet, are taught by their teachers *orally*, for an hour, in the Gospel of Matthew. In this way I get into the mind of the smallest child the truths and facts connected with the life of Christ, which, by the energy of the Spirit, may be blessed unto their salvation.

Our English department is improving, both in point of numbers and behaviour. The teachers are much more vigorous and active than before. E. Ramasawny, who was sent by Mr Anderson to supply Govindoo's place, is teaching very energetically; and had it not been for the fear of cholera, we would have doubled our numbers. He teaches the first (highest) class *Matthew's Gospel*, *Symonds' Geography of India*, *Marshman's Brief Survey of History* (Part II.), *Lenzie's Grammar*, and *Euclid*. He opens the girls' school with a short address and prayer, in their own language. All our classes, except the very last, are reading the Bible; and even the last, who read the *First* and *Second Instructor*, are not left in utter ignorance of Bible knowledge, for they are constantly plied with its truths; so that all our boys have opportunities of knowing and examining the Bible themselves. Every day we meet together for exposition and prayer, when I deliver to them a short address, and solemnly lead them to the throne of grace. The most advanced monitors and youths study under me the *Epistles of Paul*, *Euclid*, *D'Aubigne's History*, *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and the *Evidences of Christianity*. Their minds are saturated with divine truth; and now and then their feelings burst forth with solemn reality, deep conviction, and fervent ear-

nestness. But it is like the effect produced by flinging a stone into a tank, which puts it into motion for the time being; but after a little it relapses into its former sluggishness. The wood and the sacrifice are ready; but the fire from heaven is wanted. I am patiently waiting for the day when the Lord shall vouchsafe his blessing upon us, and bring some souls into the fold of Immanuel.

Every morning, every Saturday, and especially every Sabbath, I have large opportunities of setting forth the great and necessary truths of the Gospel, both in their own language and in English. But we have had no saving fruit as yet. Still I have great reason to rejoice, when we consider the blessings that the Gospel has already conferred on them. Their belief in idols, and their prejudices against Christianity, have been undermined; their minds have been roused from slumber and death; and their moral nature has received such an impulse as will not let them alone; and if the Lord breathes upon these dry bones, they will become living monuments of his rich mercy.

We are glad to hear that you are improving in your health, and rejoice that you are soon to join us in the work.

All my family are well, and they wish me to give their love to Mrs Braidwood, yourself, and the children.

I am, yours very affectionately,

S. ETTIRAJOOLOO.

IV.

LETTER FROM SYED ABDOOL KHADER,

A MAHOMEDAN CONVERT.

SYED ABDOOL KHADER, the writer of the following letter, is an Arab by descent. He learned the English alphabet at the *Triplicane Branch School* of the MADRAS MISSION, and was educated with much care and labour by Mr Whitely, who has now for *thirteen* years most faithfully conducted that school. Abdool Khader was all along a zealous and successful scholar. Seven years ago he knew much truth; and has been twelve years connected with the Mission as a pupil, a monitor, and a teacher. He was twenty-five years old when baptized by Mr Anderson on the 18th September last. Many other young Mahomedans, as well as he, have been largely instructed in the English Bible; but it is the Spirit of God alone who giveth life to the soul dead in sins and trespasses. Others remain enlightened, but not changed. To Abdool Khader it has been given to take the decided step of publicly renouncing Mahomedanism, and openly confessing Christ before men. He owes much to Mr Whitely's expositions of Scripture and earnest appeals to his conscience. Mr Johnston shed tears over him, and wrestled for his soul with God.

Writing to Mr Anderson shortly before his baptism, Abdool Khader says, "Your question, my dear father, at my bedside, when you came to see me—*Abdool Khader, are you prepared to die?*—pierced my heart like a sharp arrow, and aroused me. The pious and powerful instructions and warnings that I received from my beloved teacher, Mr Whitely, and the many solemn truths that I have heard, both in Tamil and English, from the mouths of the other servants of God that are connected with the Mission, made me more deep and serious in searching for my soul's salvation. They fanned into a flame the fire deposited by you in my heart."

Abdool Khader has been moved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Will not many of the people of God ask all needful grace for him, to confirm him in his high and holy purpose, and to furnish him with tenderness, and power, and patience in dealing with the souls of his hard, ignorant, and fanatical people—"the wayward flock of the false prophet?"

SYED ABDOL KHADER TO THE REV. JOHN BRAIDWOOD.

FREE CHURCH MISSION HOUSE,
MADRAS, 23d Dec. 1853.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—When I take up my pen to write to you these lines, my heart is filled with gratitude and adoration to God, for his great mercy and for his marvellous dealings. I cannot but be struck with the great change that has taken place in me, since your departure from this city to Scotland.

I cannot but remember that, then, I was a hardened, Christless, and deluded Mahomedan, sinning in the face of light and knowledge, provoking God to anger, despising Christ and his Word, and resisting the Holy Ghost; but now, by the mercy of God, I, unworthy as I am on account of my sins and corruption, am brought as a helpless lamb into the fold of the great Shepherd, Jesus Christ. Then, an enemy of God; now, a son reconciled to him in Christ: then, an heir of hell; now, an heir of heaven. Then I was a despiser of Mr Anderson's, Mr Johnston's, and your tears and entreaties; but now I have become your son in the Lord, and have the privilege of addressing you as one of my spiritual fathers. Ever adored be the name of the Lord for all his mercies to a rebel like me! Reverend father, the *Native Herald* of the 17th September 1853, has acquainted you with the particulars; and my letter to my father, the Rev. John Anderson, for baptism, contains in it the reasons, and those of God's providential dealings, that made me forsake the imposture of Mahomed and embrace the religion of Christ.

I will now give you a concise account of myself after my baptism. I am always happy and full of gladness, enjoying the paternal affection of my father and mother in the Lord, Mr and Mrs Anderson, and the brotherly love of others that labour in the cause of the blessed Immanuel with them. And though Satan, the great enemy of all those that are rescued from his grasp and are translated from his kingdom into the glorious kingdom of the Son of God, does now

and then cast a gloom in my heart; yet when I betake myself to prayer, and to the reading of, and meditation on, God's holy Word, I always find consolation and joy. My heart is full of peace and rest since my baptism,—a peace quite different from the one that I had before my conversion, which arose from the deadness of my conscience, from the hardness of my heart, and from the understanding and conscience being blunted and seared as it were with a red hot iron, by reason of sin. The peace which I now enjoy is a genuine and true peace, because it arises from a belief of having my sins, though countless as the sand on the sea-shore, washed in the inestimable blood of Christ,—of the wrath of God and the curse of his most holy law being removed from me,—of his justice, which was impending on my head, ready to fall and strike, being fully satisfied by my great Substitute on the cross, when he cried, "It is finished,"—and of God, who was my Judge before, now becoming my Father, and I once a rebel, now his son by adoption. I am also full of bright and strengthening hopes, hopes of eternal life, hopes of the crown of never-fading glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to all those who believe on his Son, suffer for him, fight a good warfare, and, by the help of his almighty arm, continue to the end. My hopes are grounded on Him who is the Rock of Ages, whose promises shall remain for ever and ever; and therefore I am sure that they shall not fade away. Reverend father, I rejoice at the choice I have made; I rejoice in the Saviour I have

found; and I rejoice in finding "the pearl of great price," which shall make a poor and needy sinner like me rich in the sight of God. May God strengthen my faith, and keep me always rejoicing in my choice, and full of hope! May He grant me his help in times of temptation, and enable me to resist Satan, to abhor and to loathe sin, and to nail my old man, with all its strength and power, to the cross of Christ! May He enlighten my heart and understanding by his Spirit, that I may be sanctified and grow in the knowledge of the Word of God!

My gratitude to Christ for dying and shedding his blood for a lost sinner like me,—the obligation that is laid on me to obey His last command,—“Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you,”—a desire to be useful to my countrymen, and love to their perishing souls,—have caused me to make up my mind to consecrate myself to Christ, and for the ministration of his Word among the benighted of this land. May God help me! May He carry me forward; and may He make my resolution sincere and truly devoted!

I am now studying in the *Calvin* class, under the Rev. A. Venkataramiah; and, if God spares me, I will begin the Sacred Classics (the original Scriptures) from the beginning of the ensuing year.

It will give you great joy to hear that my wife *Abassibee* is now doing well. She is now beginning

Lord had compassion on the soul of poor Appasawmy of Royapooram, who went away this year and joined himself to the heathen again, and has brought him once more into the Church of his Son. May the Lord watch over them all, and pour out his Spirit on them, and guard them from the devil and from his temptations! May He preserve them from the snares of the evil one, and from the malice of the wicked! May God grant you strength in your weakness, and bring you speedily to this land; may He fill your heart with love to His great cause, and for the souls of the perishing heathens and Mahomedans of India; and may He crown your efforts and prayers, wherever you are, with success!

Abassibee and I present our warm love and affection to you, to Mrs Braidwood, and your dear children.

I remain,

Your most humble and obedient son in the Lord,

ADDOOL KHADER.

V.

LETTER FROM R. M. BAUBOO,

A RECENT HINDU CONVERT.

R. M. BAUBOO, a Naidoo of the Telugu nation, and a young man of twenty, was baptized at Madras by Mr Anderson on the 13th November last. His affectionate letter, written under the glow of his first love to the Saviour, will speak for him to Christian hearts. He has been *seven* years connected with the *Triplicane Branch School*, which Mr Whitely has conducted with eminent faithfulness and ability for *thirteen* years. Under Mr Whitely, Bauboo passed through all the classes as a scholar; and, for the last two years and a half, gave great satisfaction by his efficient teaching of one of the higher classes. Driven from various forms of Hinduism, he sought refuge to his troubled mind in Deism; but there finding no food for his hungering 'soul, he was led on to seek a Saviour who could meet his wants. Such a Saviour he at length found in Jesus of Nazareth.

FREE CHURCH MISSION HOUSE,
MADRAS, 23d Dec. 1853.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,---The Lord has given me grace at last to renounce heathenism, heathen relatives, and everything connected with them; and

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to cast in my lot with the people of God. Being released by the help of God from the shackles of that soul-destroying system, I am rejoiced to find myself in the liberty wherewith our great and good Shepherd hath freed his flock. I was labouring for a good length of time under deep convictions of sin, and actually enjoyed no peace of conscience, as you will observe in my letters published in the *Native Herald* of November last. But the Lord was gracious to me, since you left Madras, beginning gradually in his providence to increase my convictions, and my desires to follow our all-sufficient Saviour. I was obliged to undergo various processes of divine providence before I openly professed the blessed Redeemer. I was first of all made to feel that I am an undone sinner, deserving nothing save perdition; secondly, that there is an undone eternity, with a day of judgment before me; and lastly, that the religion in which I was born and was trained, being the device of a corrupt humanity, is false, and consequently unworthy of reception. I was in a very sad, oscillating state; drawn on the one side by the divine love manifested in the Gospel to helpless sinners, of whom I was one; and on the other by the natural affections implanted in the bosom by our Almighty Creator. I attempted to be a Christian in my heathen family; but, oh! you are aware how extremely difficult it is for a youth like me so to do in a family, the members of which are quite opposed in opinions, manners, and habits. My hours of prayer and the study of the divine Word, were between ten and twelve in the

night, when all were sound asleep. Not long after this, the divine command,—“Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate,”—came forth with power, as if it were then directly from Heaven, warning me also of the danger to which I was exposed,—namely, about to be spued out of God’s mouth, on account of the lukewarmness of my heart. Now I felt it my incumbent duty to yield to the dictates of my conscience, which I did on the 5th November.

I feel inexpressible joy, and experience immense happiness, realising the tranquillity of the heart from the Prince of Peace, since the time I came into the Mission House. I have had to undergo a very fiery trial. My mother, sisters, uncles, cousins, and other relatives, often came to me with an evil motive,—namely, to induce me to apostatise, to repent of the step I have taken, and to relinquish the plan I have adopted. Various were their temptations and insinuations; but the Lord was and is with me, helping me to withstand them boldly, and to be steadfast in the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and for whom are all things, and without whom the world would be at a loss. It was not because I was better than many of my fellow-students and teachers, who are still in the gloom of Hinduism and Mahomedanism, or resisted the Spirit of God in a less degree, or sinned less than others, that I am admitted a member of the fold of Christ. But the God of mercy had compassion on my desperate condition, and delighted not in my destruction, but rather in my redemption. I entirely

cast myself upon the arms of the Saviour, the source of all comfort and defence, both to uphold me and to preserve me from the destructive influence of Satan, whose rule is predominant in this land, where God's name is constantly dishonoured by the majority of the populace.

Being moved by the myriads that are perishing in ignorance and in darkness, I am resolved to become, God willing and aiding me so to do, a minister, and to devote myself wholly to the cause of our Saviour, who bought me by the shedding of his precious blood, and have presented myself as a candidate to the holy ministry of the blessed Gospel. My friend and brother, Mr Abdool Khader, being desirous of the same, studies with me *Calvin's Christian Institutes*, in the Theological class, taught by the Rev. A. Venkataramiah, who takes much pains, and teaches us in an admirable mode.

India is labouring under a heavy burden,—namely, the nation-destroying idolatry; and will, of a truth, if she continues in her present state, suffer unspeakable calamities that are to overtake her. She is now hastening headlong into perdition. Yes, my dear father, the harvest here is indeed plenteous; but the labourers, when compared to the perishing masses, are comparatively few. Notwithstanding all our imperfections, we feel greatly encouraged at God's infinite mercy, in raising his people to labour, by all possible means, for this undeserving land. What can we render to God in return for these his mercies? We feel greatly edified on seeing the Chris-

tian public, both here, in England, and in Scotland, taking such a lively interest in us, and making necessary sacrifices for this our heathen land. Surely, rev. father, the English, and particularly the Scotch, will have their reward in the end, or rather in the day of restitution. If the Christian public were to continue faithful to the Lord, India, now studded with blocks and stones, will be very soon redeemed, and brought into subjection to our "King of kings;" for God has already promised to give the heathen for an inheritance to Him. Now the utter destruction of idolatry and its pernicious effects very much depends upon the fidelity of the visible Church of our Saviour. Would to God that this heathendom were in due time made like a Christendom; and that our living Lord were adored, and his glorious name magnified, instead of the dead idols of this place!

You will observe that five of us, who were converted this year successively, are from the *Triplicane Branch School*,—Tennarungum, Abdool Khader, T. Parthasarady, C. Soobrayaloo, and myself; four of these you would observe are from the gloom of Hindulam, and one from the delusion of the Arabian impostor. Owing to these conversions the Triplicane School received several shocks, and latterly was shattered down by my baptism, as was to be expected from the ignorance of the idolaters. But by the wonted exertion of Mr Whitely, our beloved teacher, about whose fidelity I need not make any remarks, it is almost recovered, and is going on vigorously,—preparing for the annual examination, now at hand,

as if it had suffered nothing. Two of my class-fellows, who were also teachers in it, are removed by their blind and foolish relatives from the school, owing to my conversion. These young men, though deprived of the advantages of further education, yet are sufficiently filled with the divine truth; and if God showers his blessings upon them, there is much to be expected of them. Our Parent Institution, where I am now teaching, is doing her duty with that vigour and energy which she was wont to display. I need not tell you that she is preparing herself for the examination, which, to all probability, will take place on the 6th of January. There is a fine set of boys in my class, though the youngest in the senior department of the school, who are very punctual in attendance even on Sabbath days, often expressing a desire to know about the Redeemer, of whom I speak to them, showing the folly of their religion.

What wonderful and mighty changes the Gospel has wrought in this land! Twenty years ago the Pariah, who dreaded the very sight of a Brahman, now sits on an equality with him, and often overtakes him in the field of study; and the Brahman, who once poured out anathemas on the Pariah when met at a distance, now with apparent indifference seats himself in our school along with the Chandalah (the lowest of the low), and converses with him. Of a truth, reverend father, if the Gospel is received by the heathen inhabitants of this place, innumerable shall be the blessings; and among the rest, strifes

would cease; envyings would be at an end; pride and insolence now displayed would be lost sight of; and this shall become one of the happiest lands on the surface of the globe, enjoying peace and all its blessed results.

Though now and then, or rather often, our beloved father Mr Anderson feels quite exhausted, yet the Lord in his mercy spares him and our mother Mrs Anderson, that we and our heathen land may be benefited. We are greatly rejoiced at the report that you are intending to come out as soon as possible, along with another Missionary, to labour again amongst us. We long to see you. Meanwhile, may the Lord crown you with success in your efforts and exertions in your honoured land, on behalf of our Mission!

The Rev. Messrs A. Venkataramiah, P. Rajahgopaul, R. B. Blyth, and A. B. Campbell, are all toiling faithfully, with a hope to gather the harvest, which I doubt not they will in due time reap, if God spares them and blesses their labours.

The examination of our *Native Female Schools* of Madras and Triplicane took place on the 14th instant, in the hall of the Mission House; and the young females acquitted themselves thoroughly in all the studies in which they were called upon to be examined; viz., the Scriptures, Pilgrim's Progress, Geography, hymns, &c., to the satisfaction of many a European and Indian friend assembled on the occasion. If your time allows you, I would like you to look into the report published in the *Athenæum* of

Saturday the 17th instant, by one who was present during all the hours of examination. The seeds of life have taken a thorough hold in some of the young girls of Triplicane; but this just increases their condemnation and responsibility. May it please the Saviour to clasp these despised ones of this benighted land in his outstretched arms! If these seeds were to grow to life, which is the main end, what a blessed thing would it not be!

The boys are looking eagerly for their examination. Alas! what a blessed thing would it not be, if all the youths of our schools and their relatives were to prepare themselves with the same eagerness for their examination before the divine tribunal, when the Lord will be the examiner and the rewarder of every man according to his relative merits! Thanks be to God our heavenly Father for having delivered me and my brothers and sisters in the Lord from the city of destruction.

I am endeavouring to win the souls of my mother and sisters according to the flesh, to our great High Priest. But my uncles and cousins,—a bigoted class, —throw obstacles, and always follow them whenever they come to see me, thus depriving me of my best opportunities to speak to them about their souls. My mother is a kindly woman, and I cherish hopes of her conversion, with my unmarried sister. But the Lord must quicken their dead spirits and convince them of their danger before anything is effected. Nothing is impossible with our God, while everything is impossible with the idols of this wretched

land. It remains, therefore, that we should constantly entreat the Lord of mercies to have mercy on the perishing thousands, and among the rest on my mother and sister.

All my brothers and sisters in the Mission are going on well, leading a happy life, by the grace of our heavenly Father; and all our hearts are filled with feelings of gratitude to the Christian families of Scotland and of England. May the Lord preserve you, my mother in the Lord, Mrs Braidwood, and all the young ones in whom we so much delight, and enable you to come out to this peninsula with recruited health! With filial love and regard to you and to my mother, and with brotherly kisses and tokens of affection to the young ones; hoping you will kindly present my compliments, tokens of love and of thankfulness to the Christian brothers and sisters who take an amazing interest in us, who are separated by vast oceans,

I remain,

Your most obedient and affectionate

son in the Gospel,

R. M. BAUBOO.

VI.

THE EVENTS IN THE MADRAS FREE CHURCH MISSION DURING
THE YEAR 1863:—A BRIEF RETROSPECT BY THE MISSION-
ARIES.

WHILE yet at the threshold of this New Year, and while all is ignorance on our part as to its issues, we desire humbly and gratefully to take a retrospective view of some of the more important events which have occurred among us as a Mission during the year that has now winged its flight into the irrevocable past. And in doing so, we cannot but record the undeserved goodness and mercy of God toward us. In spite of much sin and provocation on our part, he has still been long-suffering toward us. Although he has afflicted, he has also comforted. When we have sought him, he has been found of us. A Missionary father and two tender little ones have been removed by death. Yet even in these sorrows he has been near us, and has enabled us to lean on the arm of his strength. Other trials, sharp and severe, have befallen us, yet out of them all he has brought us up to this hour. And in the midst of all, souls have been born again. In the difficulties through which they have had to pass, when they forsook all for the sake of Christ, His grace and the

power of the Holy Ghost have been clearly displayed. We would therefore anew take hold of His promises, and go forward.

Shortly after the Examination of the boys and youths attending the Central Institution at Madras, and its Branch School at Triplicane, in January last, the Missionaries and Converts set out on their annual tours to the other Branch Schools. Mr Anderson, accompanied by the Rev. A. Venkataramiah and several of the young men who speak Telugu, went to *Nellore*. A more numerous band, headed by the other three Missionaries, Messrs Blyth, Campbell, and Rajahgopaul, visited *Conjeveram* and *Chingleput*. At all the Branch Schools, much acquaintance with Bible truth was found, and considerable attainments in other departments of study. The results of much creditable assiduity during the preceding year gladdened those who witnessed them. Opportunities were then afforded and embraced of pressing home, both in public and private, the way of salvation ; but no actual fruits are yet known of what was then done.

Scarcely, however, had the last band arrived in Madras, before the arm of the Lord was revealed here. Mr Anderson, full of anxiety about Mrs Anderson's health, which had been impaired, and the Rev. A. Venkataramiah, in deep concern for one of his children, had hastened from Nellore at considerable risk. Exposed to the heavy monsoon rains, crossing rivers on catamarans, amid cold, and wet, and weariness, they arrived to praise God for dis-

appointed fears. On the second day after their return, the Mission House gates were opened to receive two nurslings for the Lord. These were Ialandum and Ellummah, from the Girls' Day-School at Madras, who, after months of prayerful waiting amid hope and fear, at last left their heathen homes, and came to the fold of that good Shepherd, whom they had loved and worshipped months before they took this happy final step. We can vividly recall the scene which followed, when, after nightfall, the two mothers came to induce their daughters to return with them, if possible. Though there have been stronger outbursts of natural feeling on similar occasions since then, and more prolonged trials, yet the struggle to the two trembling girls was a severe one. But Christ was near them; and, by simple faith in him, they triumphed over all the power and attraction of natural affection. One of these mothers, who often afterwards visited her daughter, and who at such times was faithfully warned of her danger and invited to come to Christ, has during the year been summoned away by cholera.

The same evening, heathenism lost another adherent. This was Appasawmy, a young man from Royapooram, who had asked for baptism a year before, but whom the Missionaries had then declined receiving, as his acquaintance with the Bible, and its revealed way of salvation, seemed too slight to warrant them in taking such an important step. Now, however, at his own earnest solicitation, he was admitted into the Mission House. Next day his rela-

tions came to make a prey of him, if they could ; but he answered their questions, resisted their inducements, and expressed his determination to be a Christian.

But a few days after this, on the 6th of February, Charlotte, the little one whose state of health had filled her father's heart with so much anxiety during his stay at Nellore, was summoned away from this world. There was a sadness in the Mission House ; but Christ did not forsake the bereaved parents in their woe ; and, with submissive, humble hearts, they kissed the rod of Him who thus painfully, yet not without wise love, sent them affliction.

In the following month redeeming grace was displayed in another soul rescued from idolatry. On the 17th of March, Tennarungum, a young man of Telugu caste, who had honourably distinguished himself in the Triplicane Branch School, sought and obtained admission into the Mission House. This was the happy termination of a sustained and prayerful effort to find salvation. Convinced by the scriptural instruction, which was communicated at school, and made effectual by the Holy Spirit, that Christ was the only true Saviour, he left his house, broke his caste, and forsook all worldly prospects in order to follow him. Though plied with arguments, and beset by the strong motives of family affection on the morrow and subsequent days, he, by the grace of God, refused to yield, and continues to cleave to Christ.

Not many weeks before this, an unusual visitant

crossed the moat, and passed through the sentineled gateways of Fort St George. This was a Hindu named Souboomenon, from the South-west of India, daubed with the ashes, besmeared with the paint, and clothed in the strange unsightly garb of a Sanyassee, or Heathen devotee. Knocking at the door of the Civil Auditor's office, he asked for John Tachoomenon, one of the converts of this Mission, baptized between two and three years ago, who acts as Malayalim and Tamil translator there. In the disfigured and fantastically-dressed man who thus presented himself to him, John Tachoomenon, with pain and surprise, soon recognised a relative from the Malabar coast, and found that he was on his way to Benares, or, as the Hindus term it, Caze, where he had been once before. His intention was to obtain the removal of his guilt, by bathing in the Ganges, and by depositing his bones on its sacred banks. Here was a Hindu Pilgrim, at the house of the Interpreter, with the same burden, too, that weighed so heavy on Bunyan's Pilgrim. No, we are wrong, not yet at his house; but he soon was taken there. The poor misguided wanderer was with some difficulty induced to accompany his relative home. There, for days, he would not cross the threshold, because the inmates had broken their caste. At last, however, he was induced to do so. All this time, from the first day of his arrival, he received instruction about Christ, and his intended journey to Benares was postponed.

Early in February, he, for the first time, attended the Tamil preaching in the Free Church Institution,

and the discourse then preached by the Rev. P. Rajahgopaul was carried home to his heart by the Holy Ghost, with arresting, and, as it ultimately proved, with saving power.

He now came to the Mission House, where he still is; all thoughts of the Ganges were abandoned, and he soon obtained a settled peace by believing in the Son of God.

To the applicants for baptism already mentioned, there was added Namasavoyem, the eldest brother of Joanna, one of the female converts, who has for several years been the wife of Ramanoojum, a theological student and catechist. Namasavoyem had for long forsaken every thing like open attachment to Heathenism, had broken caste, and was attending one of the higher classes in the institution. Being examined, at his own request, by the Missionaries, he was deemed ready for baptism, and had that ordinance administered to him, along with Robert Souboomenon, Tennarangum, and Appasawmy, on the 27th of March.

The two Hindu females, Ialandum and Ellummah, now Anne Moncrieff and Marion Somerville, who then also received baptism, were joined in this public profession of their attachment to Christ by one of the elder girls committed to Mrs Anderson's care. Alice Bayley, as she was then named, had been for several years under instruction, and was well acquainted with Gospel truth. As her heart seemed touched with a sense of sin, and of the Saviour's love in dying to save such as she, it was resolved that she should partake

with her sisters in the sacred ordinance. Both she, her sisters who were baptized with her, and Jane Cowan, who followed, owe much to the instructions of Mr Hufiton.

On the 27th of March, when a hurricane was driving the waters of the Bay of Bengal in wild fury on the Coromandel coast, when noble vessels were torn from their anchorage in the Madras Roads, and carried helplessly among the tremendous breakers, which soon sealed their doom, and when many seamen were summoned to the eternal world, Mr Anderson admitted into the Church of Christ, by baptism, the seven candidates who have been named. Owing to the tempest and the mournful interest which lined the shores with anxious spectators, the number of Natives present was not quite so great as would otherwise have come. Still the audience was large, and Mr Anderson, with wonted fervour, embraced the opportunity of dealing very plainly with them about their souls. It will be found afterwards that his words were not spoken in vain, even as to actual known results.

In the midst of these accessions and baptisms, we did not, we could not know, till the sad tidings arrived, what a loss the Mission had sustained. On the 22d of March, in the interval between the applications for baptism, and the administration of the ordinance, Mr Johnston breathed his last. It is true that no member of the Mission ever expected to see him again in India; but while many here were praying for him, we knew and rejoiced in the assurance

that his prayers of faith were ascending on our behalf. To learn, therefore, that we might expect no more letters full of love, of warning, encouragement, and rich spiritual advice from him,—that we needed no longer to write to him,—that no more tidings of him would reach us,—that his last prayer for us had been breathed forth;—this was sorrow. But we knew that Christ had taken him to himself,—that our loss was his eternal gain,—and this yielded consolation. Unable to speak to the students in Edinburgh as he had wished, yet bent on communicating some of his heart to them, and thereby advancing the kingdom of Christ in India, he was employed within three days of his death in correcting a printed address to the Free Church students of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St Andrews, and Aberdeen. This we have had the satisfaction of transferring to the pages of the *Native Herald*. Before the tidings of this bereavement reached us, God had called away by the hand of death the second daughter of the Rev. P. Rajahgopaul. Bella was a general favourite in the Mission House; and when, after a somewhat severe illness, succeeded by a strange drooping in one who was usually so full of animation, we were summoned on the morning of March 30 to gather round her, and see her last struggles, it was a bitter, bitter hour. Only a few hours before she had lisped some sweet words about Jesus. And He of whom she thus touchingly spoke drew near to the sorrowing father and mother. The stroke was heavy; yet grace was given to believe, to be resigned, and to love.

Each of the native ministers in Madras has thus been called to sorrow this year, yet not as those who have no hope. Though with aching hearts and torn affections, they have still persevered in fully and faithfully preaching the Word in Tamil to their idolatrous fellow-countrymen; and God has owned their exertions. With hearts touched by a sense of what they owed to the labours, the prayers, and the holy example of Mr Johnston, and knowing well the desires of his heart, they set themselves to the work of raising a monument to his memory. This at once took the shape of founding a Scholarship for the most deserving student in the Institution. The sum necessary for this was found to be Rs. 6000 (£600); and of this more than Rs. 4000 have been already secured by their efforts.

Towards the end of May, during a fortnight's holiday given to the scholars when the heat was very intense, the *Conjeveram* and *Chingleput* Branch Schools were visited by Mr Blyth, accompanied by Appasawmy, Ramanoojum, and Mr Joseph Frost, the three Catechists. At both schools, much was found to gratify and encourage. Though deficiencies were pointed out; yet the general spirit, activity, and progress were pleasing. Both in these towns, to the pupils, and, at various points in the journey, opportunities were enjoyed of preaching Christ and of distributing tracts to the adult heathen.

On the 11th of August, two young men of Telugu caste came to the Mission House, desiring to be baptized. For some weeks previous, they, in com-

pany with a third, had been visiting the house of one of the Catechists residing in Black Town, for instruction. We had, therefore, a satisfactory assurance of the state of their souls, and were prepared to welcome them when they came. The third, who had intended to accompany them, was laid hold of and confined by his relatives. His faith has not survived what he then passed through, whatever it was, whether in the way of sinful fascination, or harsh usage. Up to that hour, he had exhibited as living proofs of a conviction of sin and of a desire to embrace Christ as the others. But though now at large, he has not again sought to come near us. How fell and fatal are the machinations of Satan in this dark land! How impossible to overcome them, but by the power of God!

The trial to which these two young men, Coopoo-sawmy and P. Parthasarady, were subjected by their mothers, on the evening after they entered the Mission House, was very hard for flesh and blood to pass through. But that Saviour to whom they had now come, forsaking all else, was their strength, and the mothers did not succeed. One of them had, years ago, succeeded in inducing an elder son to draw back from following Christ, when he made an effort to join this Mission and came here. Her spirit was deeply heathenish, wanting even in those milder traits which appear in many who are yet in the darkness of idolatry.

Not many days after this, on the 22d of August, a Hindu girl of caste came running to the Mission House, by her actions, if not in words, crying, "Life,

life, eternal life." Unnamalee had been at school for several years, though often withdrawn by her grandmother. When Ialandum and Ellummah came, it was her desire to have accompanied them. But more knowledge of the Bible, and maturer age, were desired by the Missionaries. Now, when kept from the school by her grandmother, who had made unsuccessful attempts to get her married among the heathen, she had burst away, and fled to the Mission House. The wild rage of the grandmother, who soon followed her; her almost frantic behaviour when she found all her heathen schemes foiled; the gentle and modest, yet firm and decided, demeanour of Unnamalee when confronted with her who had so lately been her unworthy guardian—all present themselves to us as we write. The faith of this little one upheld her. She refused to go back to heathenism, and she continues, now known as Jane Cowan, a simple, loving disciple of Jesus.

The pages of the *Native Herald* record the assault made upon the Mission House by a gang of worthless men, picked up in some of the purlieus of Black Town, and headed by the grandmother. The intention was forcibly to carry off the young convert. And certainly there were numbers sufficient to have done so, when the front gate, hastily closed at the first attack, was thrown open by Mr Anderson's orders. The attempt failed; and the principal offenders owed it to the Missionaries that they were not subjected to the penalties of the law for such an unwarrantable outrage.

Early in September, Abdool Khader, the first fruits of this Mission among the Mahomedans, came to the Mission House. Of the twelve years during which he had received instruction at our schools, he was for a short period at Nellore, and for a much longer time at Triplicane, till he was elevated to the rank of a teacher in the latter school, and filled this place with great success for several years. Enlightened to see that Mahomed was no true prophet, and still less a saviour, he hesitated for some time before taking the final step. National prejudices, which had descended to him with his Arabian blood, the power of custom, and apprehension of what he might expect from the Moslems, held dominant sway over him, even while he was secretly praying to God the Father, in the name of his only begotten Son Jesus Christ. But the faithful warnings, which were ever and again sounded in his ears, at last took effect. This was especially the case with the plain home-thrusts to the consciences of his hearers made by Mr Anderson, when Tennarungum and others were baptized, on the 27th of March. An obstacle, however, wholly apart from his own convictions, faith, or courage, stood in his way. His wife, Abassibee, remained wedded to her Mahomedanism, argued with him when he sought to give her Christian instruction, and refused for some time to come to the Mission House. This continued till she was induced to pay several visits to Mr and Mrs Anderson. The stern Moslem front with which she conducted an argument for several hours with Mr Anderson, through the Hindustani interpretation of

her husband, is recorded in the *Native Herald* of October 15. Both are now residing here. Abasibee is receiving Bible instruction. We trust that her prejudices are being weakened, and that she will yet—may it be soon!—accept Christ as her only and all-sufficient Saviour.

On the 18th of September, Mr Anderson dispensed the ordinance of baptism to Abdool Khader, Kanacasawmy, P. Parthasarady, Coopoosawmy, and Unnamalee, who then received the name of Jane Cowan; Kanacasawmy, of whom we have not yet spoken, is the brother of Eliza, one of the female converts, and wife of V. Ponumbalum. His elder brother also, R. Soondrum, has been for seven years a member of the Mission. After several years of instruction at our Nellore school and here, and after more than one application for baptism, Kanacasawmy was at length thought ready to be thus admitted into the Church of Christ, and was so accordingly on this occasion.

The audience on that evening was very large. Not only was there a considerable number of Europeans; but a whole crowd of intelligent, some of them highly educated, Hindu young men, was present. The Moslem population, too, contributed a number of auditors. The whole proceedings were impressive and gladdening. Mr Anderson preached with his accustomed power; and, as his words were fastened like a nail in a sure place in Abdool Khader's heart at the baptism in March, so now a somewhat similar result took place in the heart of Bauboo, another Triplicane teacher, and intimate personal friend of Ab-

dool Khader. The mere fact of his friend, with whom he had often reasoned about Christianity, taking his place among believers in Christ, impressed him deeply. When arguing together, he had said to his Mussulman friend, "If your sentiments are so much on the side of the gospel, why do you not become a Christian?" "If I take that step, will you follow?" was the reply,—quickly followed by the response, "Yes, I will," on the part of Bauboo. Over both we now rejoice, and pray that they may be honoured instruments in advancing the kingdom of Christ in India.

Other fruits from Triplicane, however, were to be gathered in the interim. The afternoon of Tuesday, Oct. 11, found T. Parthasarady and Soobrayaloo, two young men of Telugu caste, applying for reception into the Mission House, in order that they might abandon caste and heathenism to embrace and follow Christ. T. Parthasarady had been for years a pupil at Triplicane, and was therefore well acquainted with Gospel truth. It was but six or seven months previous to his application that Soobrayaloo had left Putcheappah's institution,—a heathen school,—so that his advantages had been fewer, and his knowledge of the Bible less. Natural quickness, however, the Sabbath preachings of the native ministers, and daily instruction, had all conduced to secure for him a very satisfactory amount of divine knowledge. And when his soul was convinced of sin, and operated upon by the Holy Ghost, the Missionaries felt no difficulty in permitting him to remain. His pa-

rents and relatives soon followed him, but did not succeed in shaking his resolution to be Christ's. Parthasarady, too, had his trial, though a less severe one; and, with a gentle firmness, peculiar to him, was carried through it victoriously by the Saviour, on whom he leaned.

A few weeks afterwards, on the 5th of November, R. M. Bauboo, leaving his widowed mother's house early in the morning, reached the Mission House not long after daybreak. For some time before his mind had been the scene of a painful oscitancy. By seven years' instruction in the Triplicane school, during two and a half of which he had been a teacher, he had become largely, and even systematically, acquainted with divine truth, but had never yielded to its claims. Touched with apprehension at last by an address from Mr Whitely, shortly after the school re-opened last year, he set himself to seek salvation in Hinduism. The summer months found him wearied in this fire for very vanity, without Christ, and unsaved. Convictions of sin and danger were revived and deepened by a visit which Mr Anderson paid to the Triplicane school in October, when he dealt in an especial manner with the consciences of the first-class pupils. The work thus begun and carried on, issued, by the power of the Holy Ghost, in a resolution to forsake all for Christ. This he did at the time we have mentioned above.

His baptism, along with those of Parthasarady and Soobrayaloo, took place on Sabbath, Nov. 13. As on the previous similar occasion, the hall was full, most

of the audience being, as we love to see at such times, Hindus. Mr Anderson preached from the words, "What shall I do to be saved?" with much power and directness; and then, after questioning the candidates, as described in the *Herald* for November 26, administered to them the sacred rite of baptism.

Baboo now prosecutes his work as a teacher, and carries on his studies in theology under the Rev. A. Venkataramiah. The two others are in the second highest class in the institution, under Mr Joseph Frost. We have already spoken of one who purposed leaving heathenism, but whose resolution broke down. It may be asked, Were there no others who acted similarly? We at once answer, there were. One Hindu, of mature years, and who seemed to have been in a measure arrested by the truth, joined us early in the year. But a short time was sufficient to show that he had not wholly given himself to Christ, and that his motives were not sufficiently simple. After being among us about a week, he left, and has not since returned. Another, a young man from Ramnad, near Madura, was received at his own entreaty as one who desired to be a Christian. Before he appeared in the Mission House he was an utter stranger to us; and, though there was nothing very hopeful or promising about him, we did not feel at liberty to reject him, but permitted him to remain, and made arrangements for his instruction in the Gospel doctrine. From the beginning, however, he never gave evidence of any real spiritual work, and it did not therefore much surprise us when, after residing a month or two in the Mis-

sion House, he went away, to return, we fear, to his former heathenism.

Towards the close of the year, a young Hindu, who had been for about two years under instruction in the Triplicane school, came to solicit admission into the Church of Christ by baptism. He was able to answer intelligently the questions put to him by the Missionaries, and showed some impression of the truth. Still we thought him too weak to stand, and therefore sent him away twice from the Mission House, much against his own will. Worked upon at last by his persevering application, we permitted him to remain. Next morning a terrible scene took place between him and his relatives; but he stood fast. We were beginning to conclude that we had misjudged him; but, alas! a few hours after his father and mother had left, he made known to the Missionaries his desire to follow them. What a revulsion from the gratitude to God which had ascended from our hearts when he resisted the solicitation of his parents! We reasoned and pleaded with him, showed him his danger, and brought the Word of God to bear on his conscience. But it was in vain. Go he would, and there was nothing for it but to let him depart. We have since heard how soon he was compelled, on his return, to worship the idol, and what prompt and painful measures were taken to restore his caste, which he had, of course, violated by living one night and partaking of food here. If conscience lingers with any power in these Hindus, none of whom were, however, baptized, they must, at least sometimes, be

unhappy. It is to be prayed for that they may be so, till they repent and come to the Saviour. They seemed to enter the path of life, but soon turned back, we pray that it may not finally prove, to perdition.

We return from this painful theme to one of a more pleasing character, the last event of the year 1853. This was the Girls' Examination, which took place on the 14th of December. There were present on that occasion *three hundred and twenty-four* interesting girls, on a roll of 354, nearly all of caste. As we have so recently described it, giving details of some of the parts, it is not necessary now to recapitulate this. Suffice it to say that there was much in the appearance and answers of the girls to make the hearts of all who love the heathen swell with gratitude, and abound in prayer for the Hindu female.

Whilst we have not been without chastisements, and these sometimes severe, we have had also to sing of mercies. We desire to go forward trusting in the promises of God, and leaning on his strength. As there are many, we know, who rejoice in these souls whose conversion it is our privilege to record, we ask them to pray for the converts and us, that the arm of the Lord may be strong to keep us all, and that Christ may be magnified by us and them.

MADRAS, 7th January 1854.



